

J^s Wrangham 1804
M A N A S H E I S.

A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

*Voluptates, blandissima dominae, majores partes
animi à virtute detorquent.*

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P R E F A C E.

TO a refined and sensible people,
—says Mr. Rousseau,—instruction can only be offered in form of a novel. The English are a refined and sensible people; and I desire to instruct them in the best manner possible. Indeed, the mode of instruction by novels, is become as prevalent as Mr. Rousseau himself could have wished; and, to all who think in his elegant manner, will be irrefragable proof of my beloved country being, whatsoever may become of our politics, the first

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of

of nations, for refinement and sensibility.

Whether reviewers are graver than the rest of mankind; whether they do not accord to the abovementioned sentiment of John James; or whether they do not think us yet sufficiently refined and sensible; it is certain the whole corps, *una voce*, exclaim against this favor'd species of composition. Some, I believe, because they think, les Sages, les Marivaux, the Fieldings, the Smollets, are dead and buried, and will not rise again; others, because novels, as novels, do poison the minds of young ladies; and young ladies do poison young gentlemen; and so there is danger of an universal fanies, from this corrupted and corrupting cause. But I humbly opine,

that boarding schools, where young ladies go to learn to dress and behave, and where they do learn to dress with vanity, and behave with pride, may at least claim an equal share in this business of corruption.

It is true, and it is pity ; but it must be owned, there are books called novels, and it is probable I am increasing the number, which would weary the patience of German or Dutch reviewers. Our gentlemen, might with reason complain of their tristes calendæ, those sad days when they were obliged to labour through them, if they were obliged ; but surely, here, if any where, it may be allowed them to catch the eel of science, by the tail.

It is not now—as in the days of good Queen Ann—when none read,

but those who could read. Except the wives and daughters of country labourers, all women read now, or seem to read. Whether fairy tales or novels, be the mental food most meet for a moiety of our reading ladies, I do not determine; but since, as I presume by the demand, their choice falls upon the latter—I remember what the great king of Prussia said upon a sort of similar occasion:—If my loving subjects chuse to be damned, I give them my permission.—So, if my pretty country women will read nonsense, I am not a man to bar them so reasonable a liberty; and I hope the reviewers will henceforward, grant them the same indulgence.

Upon a serious consideration of the foregoing premises, smit with the love
of

of fame, and having weighed my own abilities in the accurate balance, which authors generally use upon such occasions, I ventured to assume the pen. For fame is fame; whither it arise from the delicate whisper of the well judging few, or the loud roar of the many. Kings have been known to prefer the latter. So has John Wesley. Why not I?

When I had gotten together a competent aggregate, I submitted it to the inspection of a lady of taste, who reads all novels, and has more to say in their praise, than reviewers. She returned my manuscript with this compliment: I thank you, sir, for the perusal; but it by no means answers my expectation.

“Pray ma’am,” said I, with an odd

odd sort of trepidation ; for authors have delicate nervous systems, and I felt mine rather deranged ; “ pray ma’am—what a --- are your—objections ?”

“ You call it a novel,” answered she. “ No, sir—it is not a novel. A novel should have plot. You have no plot. Character—but character is not your forte. Incident—you have indeed a few small incidents, but weak, and by no means of the right sort. Of the marvellous—nothing. Of distress—why you have absolutely no distress that deserves the name. And for love!—oh, I promise you, your twenty thousand fair readers will not thank you for the lessons you have given them on that subject.”

“ Pray, madam,” said I, humbled

to

to the dust, "if it is not a novel, what is it?"

"Really," answered she, "it is totally out of my power to solve that enigma. It is, I believe, what naturalists call a non-descript. However, if you will print, don't mind the title. Leave it to the reviewers to give your book a name; they will do it—depend upon it."

To the reviewers then, with all humiliation of spirit, I commit it; hoping they will condescend to tell us, as soon as may be convenient—

W H A T I T I S.

EXORDIUM.

EXORDIUM.

THAT a deviation from virtue is a deviation from happiness, divines have always taught; yet men will not believe; for there are still deviations from virtue. As far as my own experience reaches, I can aver the truth of this first of moral maxims, which cannot be too often inculcated. I have friends who deny its universality. I have others who are assured of it; and who, for the benefit of the universe, have put into my hands the papers whence I have extracted the following true history. Which without farther preface, begins thus;

MAN

MAN AS HE IS.

CHAP. I.

THE family of the Paradynes is very ancient in England. Walter Erdolf Paradyne held of Henry the second in capite; and having delivered up one of the king's castles when nothing was left in it to eat, the monarch ordered him into close custody in the castle of Winchester. Alice, his wife, paid this gracious king ten marks, to be with her husband one

VOL. I. B night.

night. Those were the times when kings were considerate, and attentive to the wishes of the subject.

When the antiquity of a family is once established, it seldom renders any very material service to it to enquire why the original honours were bestowed, or how supported; satisfied, therefore, with having built upon a solid foundation, the right of looking down upon the common herd; I pass over from the reign of Henry the second to that of George the third, without taking the trouble to make comparisons.

As a country gentleman, the late Sir Jeffery Paradyne must have been in some estimation. His estate was large; he was œconomical, without avarice; and his tenantry were flourishing. He was in the house many years; always endeavoured to distinguish the right from the wrong in a question; and when he could perform this arduous operation to his own satisfaction,

faction, always voted for this right; although he had married the sister of Lord Aufchamp; who never fluctuated in his opinions; was always the firm friend of administration; and took all complaisant pains to instruct his ill-informed brother-in-law.

Lady Mary Paradyne had little fortune, and was therefore under the necessity of setting a very high value upon rank. It was troublesome to Sir Jeffery, to the country ladies, and even to Lady Mary herself. I speak of the routine of etiquette which it induced. Sir Jeffery would sometimes endeavour to break it; but never had the happiness to render his lady less perverse by the attempt. Not that she was perverse in all her ways. She brought Sir Jeffery three sons and a daughter, charming children, and so properly brought up, that they seldom laughed at papa and mama, or ventured to make mouths,

till they were at a reasonable distance.

Whatsoever might be the portion of Sir Jeffery's happiness, it was terminated very prematurely by a fatal accident. The Drogheda, from Dublin to Holyhead, was lost in a storm, and all on board perished. The principal of the unfortunate passengers were Sir Jeffery and his two eldest sons, returning from Ireland, where the baronet had improveable estates.

I do not pretend to describe the affliction of Lady Mary Paradyne; one may judge of its excess by its consequences. The first quarter, Lady Mary resolved to pass in silence. In the second, she would allow herself to speak, provided any kind friend would indulge her in the language of sorrow. Cards were absolutely to be interdicted during this immense portion of widowhood. In the third quarter they might be allowed to appear, for the
comfort

comfort of her condoling friends, but not her own. No—the world should not bribe her to touch them till the last period of widowhood; if, even then, she should be able to endure them.

Those who know what cards and ladies are, will be amazed at the astonishing effects of so common a cause, for husbands die daily; and what ladies are found so deficient in true piety, not to bear the dispensations of Providence with due resignation? But it was not the simple death of Sir Jeffery and her sons which afflicted Lady Mary so inordinately; it was the manner of it. Had it happened in bed, after a year's substantial sickness, I dare say, Lady Mary would have been governed by the milder laws which fashion has in that case made and provided.

I cannot speak of the grief of Miss Paradyne in the same terms. She

was only in her nineteenth year, not yet much initiated in ton, and knew to grieve only as nature taught her. She loved her father and brothers; the rose died upon her cheeks; her appetite was lost; her amusements were no longer amusements; her breast was oppressed with an uncommon sense of weight, and her hours wasted in weariness and languor. Disposed nearly in the same manner, were the feelings of Mr. George, now Sir George Paradyne, a student at Oxford. A strong addiction to science had hitherto been his guard against libertinism, without having weakened the social affections. He felt his loss; and was little inclined to admit the rich succession he became heir to, as an alleviation.

When he arrived at Dennington, he found himself more disposed to a soft sympathy with his sister, than to adopt the mode of sorrow Lady Mary had

had chosen. It was their duty, however, to endeavour to comfort their mother; it was a vain endeavour. Lady Mary could not support the idea of comfort. It absolutely enraged her, and she actually broke her determined silence in the very first week of her widowhood, in order to chastise the presumption of two unnatural children, who could suppose her capable of entertaining so preposterous an idea.

C H A P. II.

SIR George Paradyne, now in his twenty-first year, had been designed for the church, had subscribed to the

thirty-nine articles, which he perfectly understood, that is, as perfectly as those who made them; and was upon the point of declaring his call to the ministry by the holy spirit, when the news of this family misfortune reached him. It was not till three months after, he could resume this divine consideration; and then he perceived clearly his call was gone; and that the spirit had quite abandoned him—so hard is it for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

In a month, the family removed to London, Lady Mary conceiving the metropolis wanted an example such as hers; and her son an instructor, like the Earl of Aufchamp. The Earl would willingly have undertaken the entire guardianship of his nephew, with all its appendages; but by Sir Jeffery's last will, made many years before his melancholy catastrophe, he had given this guardianship of all the
minors

minors of the family to Mr. James Paradyne, his brother.

Mr. James Paradyne was a plain country gentleman, and an honest, though not perhaps very sagacious, justice of the peace. In the language of the last half century, he was a jolly hale hearty fellow, kept fox hounds, loved his bottle, had no objections to a pretty girl in the dark; but had the wisdom to take warning by his elder brother; and keep out of the matrimonial precincts.

Lady Mary Paradyne never could bear the untutored manners of her brother-in-law, and contrived to shew her contempt of him so many ways, that he became an entire stranger at Dennington-hall. This contempt he returned as oft' as opportunity offered, so that the lady and the gentleman soon conceived as cordial a hatred for each other as ever need to disgrace humanity.

Mr. Paradyne was much bent upon opposing the journey of his wards to town; and of consigning Lady Mary over to her, jointure and jointure-house. The nephew made pious and even learned remonstrances against it without effect. The gentle and smiling entreaties of his engaging niece were the sole powers capable of changing the direction of a will, unaccustomed to find any impediment to its resolutions.

Lord Aufchamp had the mortification to find Sir George a most indocile scholar in the great school of politics. He never could make him comprehend that great political truth, that power is always right; and the consequent necessity of supporting government in all its motions. So untractable was his pupil in these particulars, so obstinate in opposition, that the smiling politeness of Lord Aufchamp would sometimes give way to
angry

angry conceptions; and suffer him to be surpris'd into very uncourtly language.

On the other hand, Sir George, warm with the ideas of Greece and Rome, began to suspect that his uncle was little of a statesman and less of a patriot; that his morals were versatile; and his manners affected. So he determined to confine his reverence to the exterior respect due to the brother of his mother, but by no means to consider him as a model for himself.

Something of this was perceptible to Lord Aufchamp, who knowing the force of early impressions, and the importance Sir George might be of to him in his political capacity; communicated his opinions to Lady Mary. That gentle sister concurred with her brother in thinking it expedient Sir George should travel. "Abroad," Lord Aufchamp said, he will learn a

little more implicit obedience, and correct the errors of his academic education."

Sir George assented to the proposal willingly; for over and above the pleasures the idea of travelling presents to youthful minds, the temper of Lady Mary made it a difficult task to him to treat her with all the attention and respect her maternal relation demanded.

Mr. Paradyne consented also, because, as he said, Lady Mary would make the boy a beau and a milkop; and Lord Aufchamp would make him a jacobite. It is true, this did not demonstrate the accuracy of Mr. Paradyne's ideas, but fully denoted their tenor.

Nothing therefore remained but to seek a tutor worthy of so important a trust. Many were found and rejected. It was his lordship's department, as he was a courtier, to examine their
morals;

morals; her ladyship's, as she was a lady, their manners, and Sir George, with all the sapience of twenty years and a half, undertook the article of wisdom.

Lady Mary was so attentive to this important office, that she rejected five successive candidates. Lord Aufchamp only three. I believe I ought rather to say three were rejected for want of virtue, moral or political; five for want of grace. Not that either of these polite inquisitors thought it necessary to inquire whether the candidate had a few private vices more or less; but Lord Aufchamp thought, true virtue was to love one's king, and to support his ministers; whilst Lady Mary thought the perfection of human nature, was taste in dress and elegance of deportment. In short, the difficulty of choice was so great, that it is probable none would ever have been made, had not chance, or
what

what we are pleased to call so, determined Sir George to make his own election.

One Mr. Lagray, a mathematical instrument maker, had got into the king's bench prison for certain failures of payment; occasioned, as he afterwards assured Sir George, by the misfortune of having Lords for customers. He was a very honest man, his scales were very exact, and he had a very pretty daughter, who being of French extraction, had a great deal of French freedom and vivacity.

Sometimes Sir George amused himself in Mr. Lagray's workshop; sometimes in Miss Lagray's parlour. He had too tender a heart to bear to see Miss Lagray weep. He had also, for he was yet young in the world, money, liberality, and compassion. Would nature, if it is her business, but give the two latter, wherever fortune is pleased to bestow the former, it is incon-

con-

conceivable how this single circumstance would change, all for the better, the moral face of this our globe. At least, this was the opinion of Epictetus; I answer for nothing.

Sir George went to the king's bench prison to confer with Mr. Lagray, who having proved, that had he been possessed of $x+y+z$ pounds, he might still have been making diagonals in his own attic story; Sir George agreed to replace him there. The probability of such an event, being only as one to ninety-seven against it, according to the marquis of Condorcet's moral calculations, it excited the honest mechanic's wonder, almost as much as it excited his gratitude.

Whilst they were standing in a corner of the area, considering the steps necessary to procure Mr. Lagray's freedom, Sir George saw a middle aged gentleman pass by, in company with another, too gaily dressed to be
thought

thought an inhabitant of any prison. The first, who had been a prisoner some years, was decently dressed in a plain suit of broad cloth; had an open agreeable face, but tinged with the hue of sickness; a pensive cast of feature; eyes which indicated intelligence, and a tout ensemble capable of interesting a profound physiognomist in no small degree.

“Once again, sir, I answer no. I can have bread here, sir, bread and peace. What I believe to be wrong, I will not say or write for any man; nor will I owe an obligation to——” was his reply to the gentleman as they passed along; but the close was lost by the distance.

Sir George asked Mr. Lagray if he knew him? Mr. Lagray answered, he knew no more of him than his name, which was Lindsay; and that he was regarded in the prison as a man of nice honour, and active kindness; who

who never refused pity and comfort to wretchedness, and often found a way to relieve it more substantially.

By the keeper of the prison, Sir George was informed that Mr. Lindsay was the son of a clergyman; and thrown into prison by his father's widow, for a debt of fifty pounds. That he was visited occasionally by respectable people, some of whom had in his hearing solicited leave to pay the debt. That Mr. Lindsay always refused this kindness, saying that it was the demand of malignity, and should not be gratified. That he supported himself by the press, and when he had a superfluity of money, he parted with it to relieve the necessities of those who were most in want. For more particulars he referred him to the lodgings whence the arrest had taken him.

These were in Bloomsbury, at the house of a widow, who burst into tears
at

at the mention of Mr. Lindsay, and spoke of him in terms which increased Sir George's respect for his character.

Repairing the next day to the prison and calling for a room, he sent to request Mr. Lindsay's company; and having an idea (would all men had it) that a person in Mr. Lindsay's situation ought to be treated with peculiar delicacy, began the conversation with an apology for the liberty he had presumed to take; but that his character had inspired him with the desire of soliciting his friendship.

Mr. Lindsay, who knew the world, and did not believe that motives of mere benevolence could induce a young man of Sir George's gay appearance to seek him in prison, answered politely, but with some coldness and reserve.

"Mr. Lindsay, says Sir George, you do right to repress my presumption. Friendship, I know, is not to be

be had for the mere asking; and yours, I believe, is too valuable to be bestowed upon a man, who may possibly never possess sufficient merit to deserve it. I should have asked your acquaintance only, and left it to time and my own attentions, to procure the whole of my desire."

"You treat me with a candour, sir, replies Mr. Lindsay, which demands an equal return of candour on my part. I cannot suppose a gentleman would descend into a prison with the sole view of adding an unhappy man to the number of his acquaintance. You conceive probably some service I might be able to render you for this condescension."

"So far, Mr. Lindsay, answered Sir George, you are perfectly right."

"It depends then upon the nature of that service, what reply I ought to make."

"Nothing

"Nothing in the world, says Sir George, but to ingraft your knowledge upon my ignorance; your experience upon my want of it."

"Have the goodness to be more explicit."

"Most willingly, answered Sir Geo. You have your misfortunes; so have I, but they happen to be the reverse of yours. You have too much poverty; I have too much wealth. I have just experience enough of the world to know my own danger; just prudence enough to desire to take cautions against the follies of the age, and my own. I am a minor of family. My relations are looking out for a tutor.

Dare you undertake the task?"

"Indeed I dare not."

"Oh, says Sir George, smiling, you have a competent idea of its nature."

"I have, answered Mr. Lindsay, a competent idea of my own impotence.

tence. I have never yet been able to govern myself."

"That indeed, says Sir George, is the most difficult of all government. You'll learn it, as other people do, when, you come to three score years and ten. I believe the wise Solomon did not acquire it much before that term. In the mean time, make a few experiments upon other subjects. I offer myself for your first essay."

"If, says Mr. Lindsay, I could believe myself capable of doing you service, this engaging frankness might determine me to try. But it cannot be; a tutor should be well acquainted with the world. I am not so—at least not your world. His mind and body ought to be in habits of activity. Mine is lost. Disgusted with mankind—is it for me to introduce a gentleman into a proper commerce with it? It is your humanity, sir, has betrayed you into this error. It ought

to be the part of my integrity to prevent your suffering by the illusion."

"So it is, says Sir George, men draw conclusions.—Hear mine. You have been taught in the great school of adversity, where men best learn prudence, temperance, and fortitude. Now these I have much inclination to learn, but none to go into your school. In short, it was written in the book of fate, that you should buy virtue at the price of affliction, and I should have the benefit of it. And what is it that induces you to quarrel so bitterly with the race of man, oh septuagenary of forty?"

"A long series of distressing sensations."

Of which you are so violently enamoured, that you will not change them for the agreeable tribe."

"Most willingly, sir; but what should change them? shall I no longer find selfish meanness, fraud, cunning,

ning, and ingratitude, amongst men? Is there in so small a time, so large an increase of moral virtues, with human kindness at their head?

“Excellent, says Sir George; this is precisely what I want, I love the world too well, especially the fairer part of it. A gentleman of your misanthropic turn will mitigate the violence of this passion. It is through magnifiers I look at the world and its pleasures. You turn the glass the opposite way; who knows, but that by our mutual labours, we may at length construct that catoptric instrument, at which divines and philosophers have been labouring so long, and with so little success—the glass of truth; and see things as they are.”

“It does not appear to me, says Mr. Lindsay with a smile, that you want a tutor.” “No — replies Sir George. That is the want of my friends,

friends, not mine. Lord Aufchamp, my uncle, and Lady Mary Paradyne my mother, are for sending me the grand tour; and are looking out for me, one, a guide, who has studied politics under Sir Robert Filmer; the other, who has studied manners under Lord Chesterfield. I am seeking out too—for a gentleman, a scholar and a friend.”

“ A friend, Sir George? and is it in me you could expect to find one? In a close, unsociable contracted heart, shut to pleasure, and unopening even to kindness.”

“ Oh, replies Sir George, I could find plenty of friends with hearts open to profess, and hands open to receive, the common currency of coffee-houses and taverns. I want friendship *a' la mode d' antiquite*. I know too it is not an act of volition, and I know the kind of merit I must have to obtain yours. I request permission to try;
consent

consent dear Lindsay, to endure the world and me a year or two. Whatsoever be the result, you shall be so far benefited as to be no more exposed to indigence. When you chuse to retire, you shall retire with the means of comfort; or if (smiling) you prefer this splendid and happy mansion to every other, means may be found to reinstate you in it."

"There are, replies Mr. Lindsay, worse prisons than this, with far different names. Compared with the Escorial and Versailles, this is a little world of freedom."

"Oh, you need not, says Sir George, have crossed the seas for a comparison. I am not yet entered at St. James's."

The conversation did not end here. The gentlemen dined together, and before they parted, Mr. Lindsay consented to Sir George's request; in consequence of which, the following day

he was in possession of his old lodgings, which happened fortunately to be unoccupied.

C H A P. III.

SIR GEORGE, eager in the execution of a scheme, formed by the concurring powers of wisdom and benevolence, proposed Mr. Lindsay on the next day, to Lady Mary, and Lord Aufchamp, relating at the same time, the manner in which he became acquainted with him, and dwelling largely on his good sense, his candour, and integrity. Lady Mary was passive; Lord Aufchamp desired to see him; Although, says he, I am unable to comprehend how a jail can be a good

good feminary for tutors—and I, says Lady Mary, suppose the man may do very well to teach boys their letters; but really, Sir George, you have already too much college rust about you.

Lord Aufchamp received Mr. Lindsay with great politeness; and after the usual civilities said,—I have not the honour to know you, Mr. Lindsay: I have no doubt you may be extremely well qualified for the office of tutor, but I believe it is customary to enquire for certain credentials in such cases; and you are too much a gentleman to be offended with proper precautions.

“ If it is character, my Lord, answered Mr. Lindsay, you wish to investigate, I know not how to direct your inquiry: mine is so perfectly unknown, that I am afraid your Lordship cannot be satisfied in that particular.”

“ My nephew has celebrated your candour, sir—probably with Justice.”
—Mr. Lindsay bowed.

“ Sir George Paradyne, Mr. Lindsay, is a young men of vast fortune, and great political connections. Betwixt the morals that besit a gentleman, and that which is calculated for common life, I make no doubt you distinguish properly.”

“ I presume your Lordship means manners, not morals.”

“ Mr. Lindsay, I understand the English language tolerably well. — There is no necessity to suppose I mean any thing but what I say.”

“ I beg your Lordship’s pardon. There may be a commodious morality for the exclusive use of the rich and great; but I own myself unacquainted with it.”

“ You do not mean to recommend yourself by liberality of idea, I perceive; but let us pass this. Sir
George

George is going to make the grand tour. It is to be wished he may return rather with an enlarged than a diminished affection for his own country."

"As far as depends upon me, my Lord, I shall be attentive to this; nor can the task be difficult. The superiority of his own country, when compared with those he visits, will be so evident, that he must love it the more, the more he compares."

"In what, Mr. Lindsay," asked Lord Aufchamp, "do you conceive this superiority to consist?"

"In good laws, my Lord; by which personal liberty is as well secured, and private property as well guarded, as is consistent with civil society."

"These blessings, says Lord Aufchamp, we owe to the indulgent family upon the throne; to which I suppose you will think it just to inculcate a peculiar loyalty."

“ I hope my Lord, I have the proper sentiments of a subject to this illustrious family; to which all loyalty will be due so long as it continues the faithful guardian and executor of our laws. As to the civil blessings we enjoy, I humbly conceive we owe them to our own good sense and manly exertions; nor do I know that liberty like ours ever flowed, with design at least, from any throne on earth.”

“ Very well Mr. —a—a— Mr. Lindsay, said my Lord, I believe we need not extend the conversation farther; I see you are perfectly qualified, and if it lies in my way to do you service, depend upon me.”

C H A P.

CHAP. IV.

I KNOW not how it is possible to carry politeness higher than it was carried by Lord Aufchamp. Unless he conceived himself directly offended by a want of a proper deference to his consequence, he could seldom be brought to say a disagreeable thing. So great a superiority of courtesy have courtiers over the rest of mankind.

Whilst Mr. Lindsey was assuring Sir George, that Lord Aufchamp would oppose his schemes with respect to himself; and whilst Sir George was wondering how Lindsay could draw such a presage from a discourse which seemed to promise the contrary, Lady Mary received the following note :

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“ I

“ I have conversed with Lindsay,
“ the person on whom Sir George was
“ so lavish in his encomiums. My
“ opinion is, that he is, as your La-
“ dyship justly observed, very well to
“ teach letters to boys, but by no
“ means to introduce into the world
“ the son of Lady Mary Paradyne,
“ and the nephew of the Earl of Auf-
“ champ.”

It was kind in Lord Aufchamp to pay so polite an attention to Lady Mary's observations; and particularly so, because he had not the highest opinion either of Lady Mary's wisdom or temper. But politeness has many causes; one of these is money. Lady Mary had great power over her son. Sir George had great power of accommodation—at his banker's. And some causes had arisen which rendered accommodation highly convenient to Lord Aufchamp.

There were but two people in the
world

world who appeared to Lady Mary to be always right,—Lord Aufchamp and herself. The late Sir Jeffery indeed, had formerly contested the opinion in both its branches; but her Ladyship supported it with equal firmness and intrepidity, and Sir Jeffery loving peace, had suffered it to pass sub silentio, so that Lady Mary had no apprehension she should ever more hear it controverted.

“Sir George,” says she, “my dear, your uncle, Lord Aufchamp, does not like Mr. Lindsay.”

“But I do, Madam,” answered Sir George.

Lady Mary was struck at once with the simplicity and grandeur of the reply. “Eh well—says she—after the astonishment of a minute—what am I to understand by this?”

“Mr. Lindsey, I presume, is designed to be my tutor, not Lord Aufchamp’s.”

“And

“ And when, my pretty master, do boys choose their own tutors ?”

“ I am so near the age of discretion by law, that I think it scarce worth Lord Aufchamp’s while to trouble himself about me.”

“ I wish, Sir George, you were at the age of discretion by nature.”

“ I think I am, madam.”

“ Young men are apt to make mistakes upon that head.”

“ I allow it, madam. Granting then my deficiency, is it to Lord Aufchamp I am to apply for wisdom ?”

“ Certainly, fir ; where can you apply better ?”

“ My father’s will has directed me to my uncle James.”

“ The boor. Could it have directed you worse ?”

“ I own I think it might, madam.”

“ I wonder where ?”

“ Excuse me, madam.”

“ What,

“What, Sir George—is it possible you can mean Lord Aufchamp?”—Sir George did not answer. “Lord Aufchamp despised by his sister’s son!”

“Despised, madam! no certainly. I am sensible of the proper respect due to him, and mean to pay it.”

“Let me tell you, sir—he is considered as a man of the very first understanding about court.”

“It may be so, madam. I have not the honour to know the court.”

“But I suppose you know it is the place which all look up to for the highest degrees of understanding and politeness.”

“Oh—for politeness, madam;—it is impossible now to look where it is not. An hundred years since, no doubt, the court got it up in a superior manner; but the manufacture has been since so extended, that it is now become a question whether the finest

fabric is at St. James's. As to the other article, it was always a question."

"I don't like your Spitalfields wit; and admire your obstinacy, and persisting in error. As to reasoning with you, it is in vain—therefore I desire, to oblige me, you will give up the design of taking Mr. Lindsay as a tutor."

"I obey, madam.—I shall henceforth consider him only as a friend."

"No—I insist upon it you give up his acquaintance."

"I beg you will not think of it, madam; I am engaged to Mr. Lindsay by honour and inclination."

"I don't see what business you have to form acquaintances without my leave. I must have him given up. You take an early opportunity to let me know my authority is gone."

It was Lady Mary's custom, when she got into the strain of declamation,

to persist in it a long time with great rapidity of utterance; and it was Sir George's, to hear with respectful silence, and without reply. For the first time in his life, in the midst of a long oration, which had become violent and rather abusive, he rose and making his bow, departed.

Before he was dressed to go out, Lord Aufchamp called. Sir George, little disposed for a lecture upon the same topic, heard Lord Aufchamp's remarks with more impatience; supported the character of Mr. Lindsay with a degree of warmth very well authorized by the occasion, but by no means agreeable to the pride of his uncle. The language of anger ceases to be polite; and the imperial part of Lord Aufchamp's character took the ascendant over the art of the courtier.

Sir George Paradyne had his pride also, too much to bear insult or con-

tempt from any man. He had discernment too, perhaps sharpened by resentment; and began to perceive more and more clearly, that Lord Aufchamp was not that prodigious luminary he wished to be thought. It is not indeed always for the benefit of those who shine—especially in courts—to be too deeply appreciated.

CHAP. V.

OF this new-born spirit of Sir George, Lady Mary formed a prognostic not favourable to the continuance of her authority; and Lord Aufchamp

Aufchamp began to doubt whether he should draw six new members to the court party next sessions, by the influence of his nephew, or not. As far as politicians can be convinced they have acted wrong, Lord Aufchamp was so, in having forgot that dissimulation was the first and greatest quality of a great man; and having in consequence, treated Sir George too much en hauteur.

“ This seed of rebellion to paternal and matruelian authority, Lady Mary, says Lord Aufchamp, at their next conference, has been sown by that Lindsay. The man has parts; so much the worse. He will the more successfully inculcate his pernicious opinions; opinions calculated to depress the true spirit of allegiance, and change a government one may call divine, into democratic anarchy.”

“ That is your Lordship’s province to judge of, answered Lady Mary.
Pray

Pray how is the man with regard to elegance and address?"

"Oh—answered Lord Aufchamp, who instantly perceived he had not applied his discourse to Lady Mary's ruling ideas—intolerable, my dear; no man had ever less obligation to the graces. My fear is, lest he should inspire Sir George with a notion that bon ton air is useless to a gentleman.

"My dear Lord, says Lady Mary, I never shall be able to endure him."

"I am confident your ladyship never will. One way or other they must be separated. I will think of it. In the mean time, it may be proper that you should take no notice of it to Sir George at present. The young man is irritable, and the too free laws of this country will support him in disobedience. We must be cautious. I must confess, too peremptory a tone lost us America."

"So well know ministers and ministerial

nisterial coadjutors the road of secret intelligence, that in three days Lord Aufchamp was provided with some respecting Mr. Lindsay, of immense importance as a dernier resort. But as it is the fashion—for all things have fashion—not now to use force 'till influence fails, Lord Aufchamp prepared to try his influence once more, and putting on his aspect of ceremony, began thus :

“ I flatter myself, Sir George, I need not make use of many words to convince you that I have your interest sincerely at heart, or that I have any motive for giving my advice but your own good. You are of an ancient family, have large property, and may aspire to the first honours of the state. Your education however, has not been correspondent to your prospects, and I fear, the defect is not to be amended by taking Mr. Lindsay as a tutor. I do not mean that Mr.
Lindsay

Lindsay wants learning or good common sense, but it is of the academic kind, and smells of the lamp. Of the world, I presume to say, he is ignorant; nor have I much doubt, whatsoever glosses may have been used, but from this ignorance have arisen his distresses; unless indeed one might suppose him to have been addicted to expensive private vices. Nor is this an improbable supposition. I know mankind pretty well, and I always suspect your men who make a shew of virtue; let this however be as it may. Certainly Mr. Lindsay is not a proper person to be your tutor."

"So, answered Sir George, so he says himself, and pleads his ignorance as your Lordship does. My mother, Lady Mary too, thinks he has had a bad dancing master. And indeed, except learning, probity, and a total absence of vice, be qualifications for modern tutorage, which I am informed they

they are not, I know not how Mr. Lindsay can be recommended. But will your Lordship permit me to ask, where is the necessity for any tutor at all?"

"Really, Sir George, answered my Lord, you ought to spare my delicacy on this head."

"I thank your Lordship. I had a tutor at Oxford; is it to continue me in the same line of study you wish to provide me a tutor now?"

"By no means. Upon academic science you are now to engraft the science of politics; a very important one to men of rank and fortune. Youthful minds are apt to run impetuously into maxims of liberty—I should rather say licence.—A man of experience may be useful, in shewing how to avoid the rocks on which so many young politicians wreck their frail barks, in teaching the genuine principles of government; and painting,
in

in their true but abominable colours, the factious principles of the leaders of opposition."

"I hope, my Lord, I may be able to build my own system upon general history and the rights of man.—Not borrow it ready formed, and independent of my own understanding, from any teacher—from any advocate of despotism, or of license."

"This is a pretty plausible way of talking, sir, and must procure you much admiration—from the ladies. But if you will prefer the crude notions of youth to the experience of age—be it so. It is not my occupation to read lectures on politics to statesmen just sprung up from the banks of the Cam or the Isis; I have really no such time to waste. May I make Lady Mary happy, by letting her know you intend to pay her the compliment of conforming to her inclination respecting this god of your idolatry,

idolatry, this Mr. Lindsay, and that you will give up his acquaintance."

"His tutorage, if your lordship pleases. You are too just to prescribe to me in respect of friendship."

"Then I am to inform Lady Mary of your absolute non-compliance."

"I shall be obliged to your Lordship for permission to inform Lady Mary myself. It is a very unfortunate circumstance when mediation is necessary betwixt a mother and son. I have not any idea of this being the case between Lady Mary and I."

"This means then, that you determine to reject my advice and authority."

"I beg your Lordship's pardon; it means no such thing. I may often have occasion to look up to your Lordship's superior wisdom and experience. At present, I am under no perplexity; I have no advice to ask,
and

and know not how I could make your Lordship's authority useful to me."

Although Sir George said this with the most respectful air possible, there was something in it which offended the dignity of Lord Aufchamp. All at once, his politeness was giving way. "Sir George," says he, "you provoke me to say"—A ray of recollection came. He stopt. "You are a very strange young man. However, if you do think you are fit to govern yourself ——"

"I shall certainly think so, my Lord, a few months hence, and I am endeavouring to accustom myself to the idea."

"Oh—nothing so easy."

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

IT is probable the policy of Lord Aufchamp would have induced him to drop an opposition, which must appear trifling to the reader; but some causes prevented it. In the first place, he had himself given Lady Mary an impression much to Mr. Lindsay's disadvantage; and impressions of dislike were with Lady Mary indelible. In the second place, Sir George's borough interest was very large; he was a young man of promising talents; and it was of great importance to Lord Aufchamp, that Sir George should enter the political career

career under his auspices, and that he should gain an ascendancy which it would not be easy for Sir George himself to break. Lastly, he had learned that Mr. Lindsay was a writer of no small abilities, and that he had exercised his pen, principally, though not constantly, on the side of opposition.

It was no undesirable thing to have such a man for a friend; and next to this was the not having him for an enemy. He considered the means he ought to pursue, and imagining condescension in so great a man as himself, might be a good pre-disposing cause, he took the courteous method of calling upon him at his own lodgings.

“When I had the pleasure of seeing you in South Audley-street, Mr. Lindsay,” Lord Aufchamp began, “I was not perhaps in proper temper of mind to see all your merit, though I
saw

saw you had very much. I am sorry for your misfortunes, and wish I might be the happy means of placing you out of their reach. I assure you Sir, it would give me infinite pleasure.

Your talents are really too great to be lost in the little occupation of a tutor. I do not see why one day you might not serve your country in some conspicuous station; but every thing has its beginning. What should you think of an office under government, requiring attendance only a few hours a-day. I have such an one in my eye, likely to fall in soon, about 200l. a year; too small for your abilities, no doubt; but small things lead to great."

Mr. Lindsay not offering to answer, Lord Aufchamp continued, "I own frankly to you, Mr. Lindsay, that I am not without some self consideration in my desire to serve you. In a good heart, gratitude is a predominant sentiment. I am informed you write sometimes.

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Every

Every man of sense allows that the political pro and con, out of doors, is nothing but a play of words, merely to amuse the public, and that it is of no consideration which side a man takes, except so far as regards his own emolument. Now I presume, Mr. Lindsay, this is better secured on the side of administration than on that of opposition; what think you?"

"I dare say it is, my Lord; and if I had nothing in view but my own emolument, I should embrace your Lordship's proposals with pleasure; and as your Lordship observes, with gratitude. But it would be presumption to trifle with your Lordship. I cannot accept of bread with the condition annexed, of no longer daring to think for myself. I have been in that habit so long, that I should find the labour of divesting myself of it too difficult, and as I cannot hope that all the plans of administration merit the public

public thanks, I should sometimes be in danger of incurring the imputation of ingratitude, even for the exercise of that common right of man, the saying that he thinks. It is probable also I should sometimes incur it, for not doing that which no emolument shall ever persuade me to do—say what I do not think.”

Even that great school of virtue, the court, had not taught Lord Aufchampt totally to subdue a certain inflexibility of temper, to which the pride of rank, and other pride, too frequently gave birth; nor could he forbear being piqued, that an argument which had converted so many patriots, should in his hands fail of success with a man so poor.

“I suppose sir,” says Lord Aufchampt, “you depend upon the pliability of my nephew for something greater than you think it is in my power to bestow.”

"I do not see," answered Mr. Lindsay, "the necessity or the politeness of your Lordship's supposition."

"Nor do I," says my Lord, "see the necessity of politeness to a man, who I have reason to believe, is making his prey of the easy credulity of my own nephew."

"I must intreat the favour of your Lordship to change this language; I have not learned to bear it."

"Learn then, sir, not to deserve it."

"My Lord, said Mr. Lindsay, with a rising spirit, I have been unfortunate, but never mean. What right have you acquired to insult me?"

"If you call this insult, sir, I have acquired it I think, by my rank, and my affinity to Sir George Paradyne."

"You oblige me to tell your Lordship I regard not either. Whether you allow me the title of a gentleman or not, I will support the character. If I could think it worth a boast, there is
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in the family whence I spring, blood as illustrious as your Lordship's. Nor shall you or any man insult me with impunity."

"Look up then, says his Lordship, to this illustrious blood for your protection; you will hear from me in a manner that will require it."

"In any manner your Lordship pleases."

CHAP. VII.

LADY MARY PARADYNE was the best of mothers; for she doated upon this dear son ever since he became Sir George, and never omitted her daily precepts to him, to

behave with dignity and grace. It must be owned they were wanted ; for Sir George had yet only the politeness of good humour, of an obliging temper, and of unaffected ease. The more essential politeness of a dancing master he had still to learn.

Lady Mary's affections went to the whole duties of a mother. It was not her fault, if he was not the most accomplished fine gentleman of his age. It was she who regulated his taste in dress, who superintended the friseur in the important decoration of his head, and who most willingly would have taken the trouble to regulate his amusements and even his studies.

Of these maternal cares, Sir George began to be weary ; so much the more as they were accompanied with a diffusive oratory ; preceptive when Lady Mary was in good humour, vituperative when she was not ; and always unwilling to come to a close. This
smooth

smooth and orderly course of things was interrupted by Lord Aufchamp's communication of his last conversation with Mr. Lindsay. Lady Mary could not conceive that such a man as he would dare to offend such a man as Lord Aufchamp, unless encouraged, perhaps prompted, by Sir George, and assured of his support. On the first hearing of it, she was almost suffocated with passion; but as Sir George happened not to be in the way to receive it, it began to subside, and at last sunk into a something, known to the canaille by the name of the fullens; but in the beau monde, which acknowledges nothing in common with roturians, we must give it the appellation of a dignified anger. This agreeable swell of the bosom continued four days, in which time Lady Mary scarce honoured Sir George with a word, or even a look. Sir George, who knew the cause but not the remedy, and who

liked this mode of reproof, quite as well as the mode oratorical, permitted it quietly to take its course. It terminated towards the conclusion of a dinner, and in a manner quite unexpected. When the servants were withdrawn, Lady Mary took up her fourth glass of madeira, and looking at Sir George with uncommon tenderness, drank his health. This ceremony over—"You know, says she, how dearly I love you, you know I doat upon you to distraction." Sir George bowed. "You know, you are the comfort of my life—my only comfort." Miss Paradyne bowed. "Don't be silly Emilia, cries Lady Mary; I do not mean domestic comfort; but Sir George is the only remaining support of the honour and dignity of the Paradyne family; nay, there stands but one life betwixt him and my brother's earldom; if that drops, the dignity of his father's house will be lost

in

in the far superior dignity and splendor of mine.

"To be sure, continued Lady Mary, wiping her eyes when she spoke of Sir Jeffery—your father was considered in the country; especially after his marriage; he was an affectionate husband, and would have been still more so, but for that brute your uncle; I shall never survive his loss many years. It weighs too heavy upon me. Especially since I see my cares in forming you, Sir George, to dignity and honour, are thrown away. Oh, if children knew what they owed to parents—especially mothers! But what is filial gratitude in this age? and what is a mother but an old woman?"

Lady Mary was now got into her own peculiar strain; in which, aided by the fifth glass of madeira, she might have kept rolling on, a little eternity, without interruption; for Sir George made it a point of duty to attend, or

seem to attend, his mother's beneficent lectures. It is true, this was unusually long, but he considered the four preceding days of silence, and armed himself with a dutiful degree of patience accordingly.

But, in an instant, when Lady Mary was peculiarly emphatical, Sir George mechanically — yes, certainly mechanically gave the wonted signal to Chloe, who lay at her master's feet, and sprung up to receive her usual caresses at his hand. Sir George was apprised of his error, by the instantaneous cessation of Lady Mary's eloquence, and looking up at her, saw an increased inflammation upon her cheek, and her eyes sparkling with new fire.

“ Oh — says she — after the angry pause of a minute — oh that I was with my dear Sir Jeffery in his watry grave, where no undutiful children trouble!”

“ Good Heaven! madam — says the astonished Sir George, — am I so unhappy

unhappy as to be the object of your present anger?"

"Yes—answered Lady Mary—yes you are—who is there else in this world that can give me any cause of grief? the very son who ought to give me comfort and consolation in my hapless widowed state, despises me, pays no attention to my advice, though all for his own good—and—"

"Dear madam—says Sir George—why do you say this? sure you have not the least cause—my respect—"

"Yes—it's very respectful to be sure to interrupt me in the midst of what I was saying, and with a flat contradiction—God help me. Oh! if mothers could but foresee how their pains and tenderness would be rewarded, they would spare themselves a world of anxiety. I suppose it was out of respect to me that you encouraged that Lindsay to affront Lord Aufchamp."

"May I take the liberty to say madam, that Lord Aufchamp gave the offence."

"How could such a fellow dare to take offence at the Earl of Aufchamp, and presume to affront a peer of the realm? I have not patience."

"I incline to lose my patience also, when I think of a peer of the realm forgetting himself so far as to affront his inferior."

"Who else should they affront, pray? and what business have inferiors to be affronted?"

"Sure madam, you would not confine all the sensibilities of life to the great."

"I hate to hear you talk. For any dignity of sentiment, you might have been bred and born amongst mechanics; but it does not signify talking, I will have you discharge that Lindsay."

"He is not my servant, madam."

"I

"I don't care what he is; you shall give up his acquaintance."

"In this I am sorry I cannot obey your Ladyship. I cannot stoop to affront a gentleman because he is poor."

"You provoking monster. Go—go—I cannot bear to see you." Sir George bowed and withdrew. "Stay, says Lady Mary, you are mighty fond of this sort of obedience. Stay, I say." But Sir George was not at present in the humour to hear.

C H A P. VIII.

LADY MARY gave herself and Sir George so little respite, that he now began to find his days pass without enjoyment, and his nights without

without repose. Miss Paradyne was also drooping under her mother's tyranny; but, like the brother whom she loved, too dutiful to think of resistance.

This Sir George could less bear than his own usage, nor did he know a remedy, such as he durst advise or Miss Paradyne take. He determined therefore, as the spring was now come, to take the advice of Mr. Lindsay, to put off his tour abroad till the end of his minority, and to employ the intervening summer, except as much of it as was necessary to become well acquainted with his estates, and to settle a plan of oeconomy equally free from meannets and profusion, in a tour of Great Britain.

Sir George took leave of his sister with tears, of Lady Mary by a respectful letter, and accompanied by Mr. Lindsay, with each a servant, set out on horseback, and took the road to

Den-

Dennington, in Suffex, Sir George's principal country seat.

I beg the gentlemen minors of the present day will not suppose I mean Sir George Paradyne as a model of duty for them; I only desire to make his apology. The respect he paid to Lady Mary Paradyne would hardly be paid to the queen of England, if her requests took the air of authority; but Sir George was totally ignorant how slender are now the fashionable ties of affinity.

One mile from Dennington lived Mr. James Paradyne, of whom I have spoke in the first chapter. Sir George surprised him by a visit; for George, says he, when you went with your mother to London, I gave you up for lost. Lord Aufchamp I knew would want to enlist you among the court puppies. Lady Mary among the dangles at the tail of the ladies, and the loungers

at

at coffee-houses. I shall be glad to hear of a good escape from both."

Of Lady Mary Sir George spoke with great caution, not to give her to his uncle for a subject of exultation. On Lord Aufchamp's account, he had not this delicacy, but gave Mr. Paradyne an exact relation of what had passed betwixt the noble peer, himself, and Mr. Lindsay.

No subject could have pleased him better. He ordered his horse to ride with Sir George to Dennington, on purpose to dine and make an acquaintance with such a spirited and honest fellow—a man after his own heart.

The plan concerted with Mr. Lindsay made the principal subject of the evenings conversation. Mr. Paradyne thought it good, so far as it drew Sir George away from the auspices of Lord Aufchamp and Lady Mary.—

"But as to travelling, George, why I think

think looking at other people's estates not so good as cultivating one's own. However, young men must do some foolish things; for how should they do wise ones before they have learnt. And riding through France and Italy! why I'm told you may sit at home, and see every nook and corner of both; and how many streets and churches there are, and how many miles from town to town! Then why can't you stay at home and save your money? Look at me George;—I am fifty-eight next birth-day;—I can rise with the sun and hunt him down;—ay, and afterwards drink down the moon, my boy, as the song says, if I get among the right sort.—Never had the head-ache in my life.—Good luck too to keep out of matrimony.—Never rack'd a tenant, George,—no occasion—never went to court.”

“I never could understand, dear uncle, says Sir George, whence proceeded

ceeded your aversion to marriage.— Did you ever meet with peculiar ill usage from the fair sex?”

“No—nothing peculiar George. Jilted and robbed; common luck—it might have been worse with a wife.”

“A good wife, they say, is the greatest blessing heaven can bestow upon man here below.”

“Too great for mortal man, George. Rara avis. Ever see one, George?”

“Sir George answered this question with a smile.—Mr. Lindsay with a sigh.”

After a month's stay at Dennigton, having made the necessary economical regulations in concord with Mr. Paradyne, having been fortified by him with excellent advice, and receiving from him a competent quantity of cash and bank notes, our travellers set forward on their tour.

CHAP. IX.

SENTIMENTAL travellers ought to find matter fit to make books of at every inn. Landlords and Landladies have been extremely facetious for twenty years last past; their daughters and chambermaids, patterns of chastity, sensibility, and refined love. Something worthy of notice, out of the abundant notes and journals I am favoured with, I hope to be able to extract—for I would please every body. My first ambition however, is to make a selection agreeable to my fair readers, of whom I promise myself just twenty thousand. If I am happy
enough

enough to succeed in this laudable expectation, I shall think little of men, and less of critics.

Now the subject *must* agreeable to the fair is love; the second in estimation fashion. These propositions are demonstrable. As to love—it will come when it will come. Fashion is always, as it occasionally occupied the attention of our travellers. I hope I shall be able to draw something from their remarks, to extend its influence, and enlarge the power of charming, of the charming sex.

I find by the perusal of their papers, that it was the custom of Sir George and Mr. Lindsay to speculate along the king's highway, both with mental and bodily eyes, and to employ an hour of the evening in recording these speculations, and the present state of their own opinions. Sir George's I find rather characterized with instability; for all objects do not appear to the same eye, under the same angle,
every

every time they are viewed, let mathematicians say what they will. Peace to the manes of the Dioclesians and Carol. Quints ! they were honest people, who saw at sixty what fools, or knaves perhaps, they had been at forty. But I appeal to my fair readers, whether amongst their numerous acquaintance there may not be some, to whom at twenty a ball room was not the most animating of all objects ; and at sixty, a card table.

As Mr. Lindsay, though imprisonment and disquiet had given him an older appearance, was only thirty, and Sir George twenty years and a half old, it might have been expected their sentiments would generally have coincided. So they did, when they talked of Cicero and Demosthenes, of Horace and Virgil ; but when the subjects were human manners and improvements, there was as fine an opposition as ever gave birth to argument. According

according to Sir George, the present times were in all respects the best which England had ever known. Mr. Lindsay allowed them so, for the civilities and exterior courtesies of life ; but contended that what we had gained in the milder virtues, we had lost in the manly ones.

One day they were observing a handsome house a little on the left of the road, beautifully situated, but all around it bore the marks of neglect. Sir George wished to know whose it was, and asked the question of some workmen who were felling trees in the hedge row.

“ It belongs to 'squire Garford, says one, but he does not live here now ; he's in Swee — Swee — some where a great way over sea, where living is cheap : they say here that he's tied up.”

The true meaning of the phrase did not

not occur to Sir George; tied up, says he; what, is he mad?"

"No sir, says the woodman, his estate's out at nurse." I understand you, says Sir George, he lived beyond his income."

"He kept bad hours, sir."

"Sure a man may keep bad hours, without running out his fortune."

"That's according to how he keeps them, I believe sir. 'Squire Garford married before he came of age, a very pretty young lady from Londonwards. Neither house nor ground was like what it is now; for the ground would have done you good to look at, it was in such condition; but the house was old. Now the ground's old and the house new. Then you see a mort of obelisks they call 'em, and temples up and down; and six hundred acres of prime land as crow e'er flew over, was turned into pleasure ground. But this was not all sir; for he built a vast great

great place for a play-house; so they played plays, and 'squire Garford treated every body as came to look at 'em. My sister was one of the six chambermaids, and she says, many's the time they have made up four score beds and above, only for guests."

"His fortune was supposed to be large?" says Sir George. "Aboon ten thousand a year sir, as they said; but they lived so cruel comical, an it had been twenty, it would have been scant."

"Pray how did they live?" asked Sir George.

"Why I'll tell you sir: About twelve o'clock they began to breakfast, and by two they had done all over the house, for mayhap they'd breakfast in twenty rooms. Then they went some to their airings, and some to their dressings; about four or five o'clock they had soups, and jellies, and

and what not; then behap, music, and at eight they sat down to dinner."

"Very well, says Sir George, soon after dinner I suppose they went to bed."

"No fir—they went to cards all over the house, tag, rag, and bobtail, excepting play nights and ball nights. At two it was supper; and before six, they would have been asleep from the garret to the cellar, only for the stable-boys getting up to their horses."

Giving the men something to drink, our travellers rode on in contemplative silence, only sometimes Mr. Lindsay looked at Sir George with a sort of smile. At length he said, "and this is fashion—fashion in its leading principles, which disdains order, and tramples upon common sense. Are you prepared Sir George to be its advocate here?"

"I am not, answered Sir George, the advocate of disorder, and hope I

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shall

shall never be troubled with a vanity, which must be gratified at the expence of ruin. But Mr. Garford's case is singular and outrè, consequently not fashion."

"I should rather call it fashion at its apex, says Mr. Lindsay; but this is only disputing about a name. Is the mode of life, and consequently the example, pernicious to society? If not, I know no other cause why the natural liberty of man should be restrained."

"Oh, yes, replies Sir George; I can allow that if all the sons and daughters of labour and industry were to live like Garford, it might rather disarrange the order of society."

"If nature ever speaks intelligibly to man, it is when she says, night, not day, was designed for sleep. It is when she says to all animal existence—excess is disorder. All but man understand and obey. In the body natural, in
the

the body politic, in health, in oeconomy, excess is disorder."

"Oh, says Sir George—a new edition of Horace's golden mean; which whosoever does not believe and practise, is damned poetically and morally, to all eternity."

"That whosoever deviates pretty much from the practice will be punished more or less, is indeed my creed; only it sometimes happens when a man finishes at once with eclat, his constitution, his fortune, and his life, and can no longer feel poverty, contempt, and the gout; these descend as an inheritance to his children. He is only punished in his generations. But in general, nature punishes pretty regularly the breach of this her golden rule, and society suffers when it is deviated from too widely—even on the side of virtue."

"Faith, that's hard, answered Sir George; but supposing we allow the

E 2 expediency

expediency of this famous mean, so constantly recommended, and as you say, so little observed, who shall fix it? Every one for himself, or our gracious lord the king, or the philosophers, or William Lindsay the cynic; he who would rob poor girls of their ostrich plumes and bracelets, unless they could afford to pay for them; who arraigns the taste even of those who can, and calls them spoilers of beauty and apes of fashion; suppose the dear creatures a little fantastical, is it not their destiny here below to endeavour to please men? and do they not fulfil their destiny?"

"Their endeavours are ill-directed, they apply all to their outsides—this does not please men."

"No—such men as you perhaps; but they are always endeavouring, and who would not pardon a simple error of judgment in favour of such amiable intentions?"

"Oh

“ Oh, any man; every man, if it could be found; but know you any individual in which such judgment resides? If any one has pretensions to elegance of her own, is it not sacrificed at the shrine of fashion? Is there any one who does not execrate (I do not mean that ladies swear) the tyranny which subjects them to incommodious and ugly habiliments? one who does not cry out upon the shocking—the absurd of this new invented—something, even on their way to the milliners, where they are hastening, like racers to the goal, lest the evanescent cap of folly should be gone before they had worn it?”

“ Poor Lindsay, replies Sir George, these are the infallible symptoms of premature old age—why, splenetic moralizer—why would you circumscribe the bounties of heaven? not a vanity you know is given in vain.”

“ Certainly, Sir George; a poet

said it, and poets are inspired. I know also that this agreeable expansion of the mind is so dear to the dear sex—so much their own—makes so conspicuous a part of their identity, that I should think a woman more changed by the loss of it, than by the ravages of the small pox.”

“Inhuman satirist! be thy spleen thy punishment. For my part, I do not see what should provoke the bile of a philosopher, in the innocent luxury of dress?”

“Innocent! Sir George—true—in itself it is nothing: I arraign it only as the pander to those numerous follies of which we complain and with which we comply.”

“Let us hear how you prosecute the indictment.”

“You quoted a poet just now, and will not deny your own authority. ‘Just as the twig is bent the tree’s inclin’d.’ Look now at the present generation

neration of mothers ; observe how early by the means of dress, they sow the seeds of vanity in their daughters minds. How plentifully they water these seeds ! and keep them free of that unprofitable weed, once called modesty, now better known by the name of awkwardness. Can you wonder at the strength and duration of a plant so carefully cultivated ? Now what follows this dissemination ? Universal emulation in the most paltry of all vanities ; universal contention and expence ; nor does it stop at personal ornaments, it extends to every particle of inanimate matter which custom or convenience has introduced to the service of the ladies ; all things must be fine, all must be costly."

"Of the rich and great I am not now speaking ; taste and expence are with them in their proper elements, whilst they are contained within the limits of their fortune ; their palaces, their gild-

ed cieling, their lustres, and their girandoles, encourage the arts and reward ingenuity. I stop not here to enquire whether this expence might not be better directed. My censure chiefly applies to the middle ranks. To how many thousands of individuals do these vanities pursued, prove destructive of tranquillity and ruinous to fortune. So parents give their offspring a thousand wants which nature never gave, and exhaust the springs which should be destined to their supply."

"Had you been a painter, Lindsay, says Sir George, one may judge by this gloomy declamation, what would have been the genius of your pictures: the dark objects would have been illumined, the bright ones thrown into the shade; and at what are you railing? at that diffusion of wealth thro' the whole body of a society, which has humanized our manners, purified our religion,

religion, has rendered the nation happy, strong within, terrible without, and unbounded in its resources; if you believe orthodox divines, and statemen in place. And may not a nation be truly said to flourish, when science is cultivated, the arts cherished, and the accommodations of life abundant?"

"If, replied Mr. Lindsay, the increase of printing presses, carvers, and gilders, be a proof of the increase of science and of art, you are right. The accommodations of life—meaning no doubt, down beds and coaches, looking-glasses and gauze—are abundant; too abundant. Refinement is progressive; there is somewhere a degree of it, at which if it would stop the happiness of a whole people might be the greatest possible, and the most permanent. This point, I doubt, we have reached—and passed."

"Is it, asked Sir George, that you

regret the elegant times of the Edwards and the Henries? Or at what period would you have stopped the progress?"

"Not at those times, certainly. Perhaps I might have chosen the beginning of the eighteenth century—before nabobs were—when wealth was more moderate, and more equal—when coxcombry, now swelled into a deluge, entered the land in a gentle current, capable of being checked in its course by the pen of the poet and the moralist—before the poor, that tolerably large proportion of the human race, forgot in all our disquisitions, political and moral, whom we despise, and to whom we owe our subsistence, and the gratification of our pride—had learned in an alehouse to imitate, at humble distance, the luxury of the tavern—before this imitation had tainted their ——" Mr. Lindsay did not see that they were now
under

under the very sign of the inn, where they had proposed to dine; his horse did; stopt, and broke the period. No matter. I hope there is not one of my fair readers will regret it, or pay any regard to such cold blooded, prudential declaimers. Not one, who will not still do what is right in the eye of fashion. And with this hope I conclude the chapter.

C H A P. X.

THE Falcon at Comber, where our travellers had stopped to dine, was a spacious, but quiet, unfastidious village inn, to which the cold and chilling

ling elegance of more superb houses was unknown. It was beautifully situated on rising ground ; in front was a romantic valley, at the bottom of which was the village. It possessed a good bowling-green, and was a favourite house for justice meetings. The hostess, Mrs. Bane, a widow, to a fine open good humoured countenance, added great personal gravity, perhaps equal to 250lb. avoirdupois ; and was besides a very reputable and respected good woman.

Behind the house, the ground rose gradually for the space of half a mile ; on the highest part was situated the church, an old and large structure, in an ample church-yard, skirted by pines. Hither, after dinner, our travellers chose to walk, and richly was the trouble repaid by the magnificence and grandeur of the views :

Towards the south was a distant view of the Isle of Wight, and the channel

channel; on the north-east, Winchester; on the east, Portsmouth; nearer, a fine view of Southampton. My fair geographers will perceive we are now in Hampshire, not far from the new forest. The landscape immediately surrounding was beautiful; the principal object was the once fine, but now rather neglected seat of Sir Simon Haubert. On the other side, a small dry common skirted round with houses and cots.

Having admired these views to satiety, they returned to the Falcon, where having invited Mrs. Bane to make their tea, and declared their intention of remaining there till Monday, Sir George asked her, if there was any thing in the neighbourhood worthy the particular attention of travellers.

Mrs. Bane answered, that many gentlemen took views from the church-yard; some went to see the late

late Sir Simon Haubert's; and now and then one called upon Mr. Holford the clergyman, who was a great florist, and a collector of medals; but what she believed principally recommended him to notice, was some sort of model he was taking of the country a mile or two round, after the manner of some gentleman abroad, who lived, she thought, in Switzerland. No doubt, this was general Officer.

The introduction to Mr. Holford was very easy; the good man had a taste for fame, and did not know a better road to it than his exhibitions. It is a charming advantage when we can gratify ourselves, under the appearance of kindness and courtesy to others. Our travellers paid the visit and the price, which was nothing more than a few compliments to the obsequious entertainer. Once indeed, Sir George was upon the point of quitting his politeness in favour of historical truth;
Mr.

Mr. Holford having in his medalic elucidation made a considerable anachronism. Mr. Lindsay saw its effects upon Sir George, and pushed before him, with something very agreeable to the reverend gentleman. Sir George thought flattery was never worse applied.

In the garden part of the exhibition, Mrs. Holford was so obliging to add herself to the company; they soon found her value; it was sufficient for Mr. Holford to give a hint; she took care to pursue it; discoursed upon the variegated tints of nature; and as the garden commanded a prospect, upon picturesque beauté. Nor did she miss any kind opportunity to correct Mr. Holford's mistakes. Her diffusive powers had kept them an hour longer than the visit was intended; and had began to afflict Sir George with an involuntary hiatus of the mouth; Mr. Lindsay saw this effect also, and thought

thought proper to counter act it by a still greater profusion of compliment than he had bestowed upon Mr. Holford.

God had given to Mrs. Holford, and will I hope give it to every lady who desires to fulfil all the duties of a wife, the agreeable and useful talent of quick penetration into her husband's faults, and indeed into those of most of her neighbours; and she did not bury it in the earth. When Mr. Holford cast the eyes of affection upon her, she was an elderly maiden, and had been accustomed to amuse her leisure hours in writing novels. The several merits of the great mistresses of this noble art she perfectly knew; and from her pen may be expected one day, that great desideratum in this most favoured production of the press, canons of criticism; for want of which, I must needs say, after Mrs. Holford herself,

herself, there is rather too much heterogeneity.

A servant maid came into the garden to say something to her mistress, who answered, shew the ladies into the parlour. She was just then informing Mr. Holford, that if, according to her advice, he had managed his bed of auriculas so and so, the colours would have been deeper, and the silk more glossy. Mr. Holford answered that he did not know that any body knew better than himself the management of these beauties of the garden. Mrs. Holford said, that had it been so, it would have been acknowledged at the late florist's feast; from whence if he would please to remember, he returned home typsey, from mere vexation at having been honoured with no prize; for nature, she said, was uniform in all her works; and had the best methods been taken, there would have flowed the best results. The reply
Mr.

Mr. Holford was going to make, if it might be judged of from the cast his brow had taken, would not have been the reply courteous; but a chariot at that instant driving by, followed by two footmen, put a stop to it, and Mrs. Holford ran to receive a lady who was in it alone.

Sir George was beginning to thank Mr. Holford for the great pleasure he had given them, and to invite him to the *falcon*, when Mrs. Holford sent her compliments to the gentlemen and hoped they would favour her with their company to tea. The gentlemen accepting the invitation, were conducted to the parlour by Mr. Holford, who announced Miss Haubert to the gentlemen, and these to the lady, by the names of Sir George Paradyne and Mr. Lindsay. Two other ladies were there whom he noticed only by a slight inclination of the head, for it did not amount to a bow.

One

One of these appeared by her dress to be a quaker; she seemed about thirty, had a pretty face, and a pair of black eyes very intelligent, and denoting a certain archness: this was Miss Carlill.

The other was in deep mourning, about twenty, apparently; a fine shape, blue eyes, expressive of peculiar sweetness, but with that pensive and dejected cast of countenance, which long continued anxiety is wont to give; her name was Colerain.

The other lady, Miss Haubert, appeared to approach her fiftieth year, was richly dressed, with an aspect not quite charming, and a shape not quite regular; but these were trifles, she had 5000*l.* a year, and was patroness of the living.

This lady began the conversation, by enquiring of Sir George if he had been lately in town. He answered in the affirmative, and expected a succession

cession of questions concerning the court, perhaps the theatres, or the fashions. No, the next enquiry was, if the town was full of literati? Sir George replied, he was too young to have made a general acquaintance with these gentlemen.

“ You have probably been at Oxford Sir George, or Cambridge?”

“ At Oxford, madam.”

“ I presume the sciences there are in a very flourishing state?”

“ I hope they are always so there, madam.”

“ Has any able metaphysician arisen, or is likely to arise, capable of confuting Mr. Hume’s system of universal non-existence.”

“ Dr. Reid, madam.”

“ Oh, no—I have read him; he does not go to the bottom.”

“ I have often admired, madam, says Mr. Holford, that a lady of your profound science, should think any thing

thing worth notice which comes from the pen of such a man, so great an enemy to religion and piety."

"A man may be wrong in one thing and right in another, Mr. Holford, answered the lady. Every man who wants religion, may not want knowledge."

"It is pity but he did," replied Mr. Holford.

"You are certainly right, madam, says Mrs. Holford. Many of our most celebrated novels have characters tainted with infidelity, in other respects very learned and amiable. As Mr. Wolmar in Rousseau's *Eloisa*, the elegant Sir Charles Seymour in *Cornelia Sedley*, and many others."

"Very true, Mrs. Holford ;" I don't read many novels except yours ; but I believe it is allowable to draw all sorts of characters as they are, and since it does happen that there are ingenuous

genuous people infidels, to be sure they may be drawn."

"I wish, says Mr. Holford, they were all drawn upon hurdles to the stake."

"Miss Colerain absolutely gave a little start, and was upon the point of an exclamation, but corrected herself, and only said, with a smile—no, Mr. Holford, I must beg leave to refuse you credit on this head; your theory is cruel, your practice would be merciful."

"I have no mercy for the enemies of God," answered Mr. Holford.

"The lady, says Miss Haubert with a scornful toss of her head, choses to shew her sensibility."

"I hope, says Miss Carlill, if the occasion was real, thou would'st shew thine." Miss Haubert replied with another toss. "Then you don't approve of zeal in the cause of God, Miss Carlill?" asked Mr. Holford.

"Yea,

"Yea—answered she—if it is of the spirit."

"Oh ma'm, replies Mr. Holford, we cannot boast of so plentiful a communication with the spirit, as your people."

"Thy spirit seems not to be of our sort; we persecute no one."

"Nor would Mr. Holford, I am well convinced, says Miss Colerain."

"Why not? says Miss Haubert; very great and good men have thought it right to persecute heresy."

"They would have been better employed, perhaps, in praying for it, says Miss Colerain."

"You may think so madam, answered Miss Haubert, but without zeal what is religion?"

"We also approve zeal, Miss Haubert, when it tends to improve our own faith; not when it condemns others, says Miss Carlill."

"Ay, says Mr. Holford, this is the

the modern doctrine of toleration, by which all unity of christianity is cut off from the face of the earth; and men are led astray by pretended spiritual guides, or permitted to wander without any."

"Thou knowest that in heaven there are many mansions. Why should there not be many roads?" says Miss Carlill.

"There can be but one road, madam, answered Mr. Holford, the road of truth."

"And few there be that find it," replied Miss Carlill.

"It is because they shut their eyes, says Mr. Holford, and harden their hearts, and God gives them up to their own perverseness, and to all unquietness of mind. Here are the presbyterians again, I am told, up in arms, about the repeal of the test act, that bulwark of the church and constitution. Had there been any under-

derstanding among them, they must have acknowledged the superior force of our arguments."

"If the arguments of thy people, replied Miss Carlill, had been as strong as their motives, the dissenters must have found them irresistible long ago."

"Blindness, wilful blindness," says Mr. Holford.

Nay, now friend Holford, replied Miss Carlill, thou must excuse me; it is so important to see the truth, if they could, that I should rather impute it to their not being able to find good oculists."

"They envy us, says Mr. Holford, the very bread we eat, and would snatch it out of our mouths."

"I fancy, replies Miss Carlill, it will take them a great many pulls. Thy church is indeed built upon a rock, if it holds its faith with as firm a hand as its emoluments."

"Have we not a right to them?" asked Mr. Holford.

"Yea, two rights, replied Miss Carlill; power and possession: neither of these, have the dissenters."

"I say, says the parson, the dissenters have no rights whatever."

"They were born, answers Miss Carlill, with as many as other people. What is become of them?"

"They incapacitate themselves, by maintaining religious tenets which government chooses should not be maintained."

"So, says Miss Carlill, it was in the time of Dioclesian. Ye know the law, said the emperor; all christians are to be hanged. But ye need not incur the penalty; ye have nothing to do in order to avoid it, but return to Jupiter, the god of your fathers. Did Dioclesian reason well, thinkest thou?"

"How can you ask such a question, madam?" says Mr. Holford.

"Nay—

“Nay—answered Miss Carlill—I know not; if it were not that I thought the reasoning of Dioclesian and thy people, something similar.”

“I assure you, madam, says Mr. Holford, you never were more mistaken; and you impute motives to us which never entered our pure hearts. All we want is to bring the community into one faith, and thereby avoid the confusion of sects, and the nonsense of sectaries.”

“Thou need’st not tell me this. It is, they say, the distinguishing garb of the priesthood. If a man, in matters of faith, incline to tolerate any nonsense but his own, he hath not on a wedding garment; he is not a true brother.”

“You are smart, Miss Carlill, says Mr. Holford, but smartness is not argument. Let us come to the point. There must be a national religion. Grant that.”

“ I pray thee, Miss Carlill asked, which is the national religion of America ?”

“ Pshaw ! says the parson, rather angrily ; they’ll come to nothing for the want of it.”

“ When they do, the argument will be in thy favour, answered Miss Carlill.”

“ But if they flourish, says Mr. Holford, they must have one ; they must have a chief magistrate ; one or many. This chief must have a religion ; he must prefer his own, and the very preference will soon give a decided majority ; and a national religion follows of course.”

“ I do not at present see the justness of thy premises, or of thy conclusion, answered the lady. A Frenchman of great consequence, was once at Amsterdam, and being desirous to see every thing, was attended by a burgo-master, who noticed, as they passed along,

along, many small places of worship. This, says he, belongs to the anabaptists, very industrious people and good subjects; this to the moravians, very diligent, quiet, good, orderly people; so he went on to twenty different sects, giving each its due praise of industry and obedience to the laws. And pray sir, says the count, what religion are you of? Me, answers the magistrate, —my lord, I am burgomaster of Amsterdam. Dost thou not think it a wise answer?"

"It would not do in England, Mr. Holford said. The constitution was founded upon the inseparable connection of church and state."

"Pray of what nature may this connection be? How may it differ from the general connection betwixt crown and people?" asked Miss Carlill.

"In being more close and intimate,

F 3

answered

answered Mr. Holford, in mutual assistance, when assistance is wanted."

"I believe I understand thee, replied Miss Carlill. If the crown gets into a scrape, the clergy will kindly help it out. If the crown has something to do the people don't like, the clergy is ready with its aid."

"What right have you to suppose this, Madam?" asked Mr. Holford.

"Why, replied Miss Carlill, when the crown is doing that which the people does approve, it will necessarily have its support—the best of all supports, I think—surely, when it has the whole it cannot want a part."

"There is no reasoning, says Mr. Holford, with people whose prejudices are so inveterate, they will hear nothing which contradicts them. To me, there is not a problem of Euclid, which is more clear, than that the test act, and subscription to articles, are the bulwarks of the church; and that
the

the church is the best bulwark of the state."

"I have heard of that Euclid, replied Miss Carlill; pray thee, how came it to pass that his problems were so clear, as to pass almost into a proverb. Did he demonstrate after thy manner?"

"That—let me tell you ma'm is a very ignorant question, and shews you do not distinguish betwixt mathematical and speculative science;" says Miss Haubert, with much dignity of aspect.

"I own my ignorance, says Miss Carlill, still addressing herself to Mr. Holford, without noticing the rudeness of Miss Haubert—wilt thou instruct me in the nature of those articles thou hast just mentioned."

"Mr. Holford did not seem to relish the employment, and only said, read, read, madam, and understand."

"Alas! says Miss Carlill, I have read, and do not understand."

"You read, madam, with the prejudice of a sectary."

"Possibly so. Considering however the very important part they were to act upon this stage of ours, one might have expected they would have exhibited the collected wisdom of ages. At least one should not have found them incomprehensible."

"There is no necessity, ma'm, says Miss Haubert, who never opened her lips to-day, but to express scorn or dislike—there is no necessity that your comprehension should be the measure of other people's."

"I grant that, replies Miss Carlill; but do not many of thy communion, learned divines, nay, prelates, acknowledge the same difficulty? have the faculties of mankind degenerated?"

"No, madam, answered Mr. Holford; God has given to man his wonted

ted capacity; but how does he now apply it? In the luxuries and vanities of this world; and in opposing his own vain imaginations to the mysteries of faith."

"I should imagine, my very good friends, says Miss Colerain, that you would become weary of an argument in which you conclude nothing; and perhaps in which nothing can be concluded. I apprehend, speculations of this kind do not possess absolute, but relative truth only. Each party may be right, relative to the different views in which their objects are placed. What I should most complain of is, the loss of mutual benevolence and good will in the conflict. The occasion may call for activity on both sides, but surely need not generate animosity. Why is it not possible that contentions — for remote objects at least—should be amicable?"

"Sir George and Mr. Lindsay had been much amused with the dia-

logue, and had not once attempted to interrupt it by any observation of their own. This placid speech of Miss Colerain, which denoted gentleness at least, now drew their regards more particularly upon her. Certainly it lost nothing by coming from the lips of a beauty and a grace.

Miss Haubert, as it was warm weather, fanned herself; indeed she was never able to look upon miss Colerain, or see her looked on by man with complacence, without kindling a sort of fire, which all the wind of Nova Zembla would have been insufficient to cool. If ever I should find myself at leisure to relate the cause, my fair readers will allow its universal potency, and forgive Miss Haubert—almost her rudeness.

A rudeness of an inferior degree, was become almost a habit with Miss Haubert, who indeed seldom saw any but flatterers about her, and was sup-
ported

ported by a high sense of her own greatness, and a higher still of her intellectual attainments. But this habitual rudeness was become acrimony to Miss Colerain, who seldom spoke but she met with contradiction from her, little short of insult; who however from the footstool of humility, looked down upon the throne of greatness, and never condescended to honour her effusions with the least notice.

Not so the lively quaker;—her friendship for Miss Colerain was little short of enthusiasm: she was by education and habit, a free and most determined speaker, and would not probably have borne in silence an insult upon her friend, scarcely from a queen.

The tea equipage introduced, as usual, tea-table conversation, and the remainder of the visit passed without any remarkable production of malice.

The hour of departure came, and I believe Miss Haubert would have gone away without any fresh instance of malevolence to Miss Colerain, had not this lady, in reply to something Sir George had said, made this innocent reflection—that indeed would be a valuable school, which could teach with success, the happy art of subduing the passions, when they tended to disturb the peace of society.

Whither Miss Haubert saw any thing in this applicable to herself, or whether it was pure kindness to correct Miss Colerain's error, I know not, but she answered rather with too much fiercé, that the passions were given us by God himself, that they were the gales of life; that she did not see the necessity of subduing them, and if there was, they would never be conquered by formal speeches, and a studied display of affectation of sentiment.

“ Thou

“Thou art right there, says the animated quaker, some of them are unconquerable things indeed; I have seen when they would not yield even to the established laws of decorum and politeness.”

“Oh—as to that—says Miss Haubert, making the application instantly to herself—I always use as much of both as I think necessary.”

“It would not be amiss then to rectify thy way of thinking. People of thy rank and fortune think them always necessary, especially to those whom they suppose their inferiors.”

“I am not so complaisant. I only pay when due.”

“That is to say, when thou canst find inferiors. I own then it will not often be required of thee.”

“My dear Miss Carlill, said Miss Colerain, cease this unavailing, this unprofitable exertion of spirit on my account. I am not angry at Miss Haubert.

Haubert. When I was prosperous, she was not my friend; I have nothing to ask from her but common civilities of life when we do happen to meet, and it is most probable—a tear starting into her eyes—she will never more be under this disagreeable necessity.”

A black servant was waiting to attend his mistress home. Miss Haubert sprung into her chariot with more than common alertness, and having observed that when people kept black servants, they ought to be able to pay them, bade the coachman drive on.

The black grinned, and muttered a few execrations; Miss Carlill said a prayer or two aloud, to the same purpose; and Miss Colerain took her leave with a silent tear.

On their walk home, Sir George amused himself with remarks on the uncommon character of Miss Haubert, and the very common one of
Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Holford. He applauded the spirit of Miss Carlill, and admired the dignified placidity of Miss Colerain. From Mr. Lindsay he got nothing but assenting monosyllables, and these oft' misplaced. Sir George had often seen him grave, it was his general habit; but so grave, so distant, so almost sad, he had never seen him before.

At supper, during which Mrs. Bane usually waited, Sir George enquired if she knew Miss Colerain? Mrs. Bane answered, she knew her only by report, which spoke of her as a very good, but unfortunate young lady. "Do you know a Miss Carlill?" asked Sir George. "She is another unfortunate young woman, Mrs. Bane answered; but is supposed to have more spirit than her friend. She almost supports her mother and herself, by peculiar needle-work, much seen and admired."

After

After supper, Sir George enquired of Mr. Lindsay if any thing had occurred that day which had given him pain. Mr. Lindsay owned he had been much hurt by the circumstances which had deservedly given Sir George much pleasure. Miss Colerain and Miss Carlill were charming women. Two years ago he had lost a wife who constituted his chief happiness, whilst they lived together. Miss Carlill resembled her in person. She seems to have resembled Miss Colerain in mind."

"Dear Lindsay, said Sir George, I have often wished to know your history, but never chose to ask the relation, fearing some recollections might give you pain."

"You are welcome to the relation, Sir George, but there is nothing in it, which can gratify curiosity, or reward attention. Tyrannic fathers, improvident sons, and insidious stepmothers,
are

are to be seen every day." Sir George still expressing the same desire, Mr. Lindsay proceeded as in the next chapter.

CH A P. XI.

I AM of a Scotch family; there are titles in it too, if titles were of value when wealth, their most useful and brilliant appendage was gone. My father, a younger brother, was bred for the kirk; some agreeableness in conversation procured him the patronage of a Northumbrian gentleman, who offered him a living of value which my father accepted, and then saw very little difference betwixt

twixt the English and Scotch church, which could divide sensible people. My father, who had some patrimony of his own, married a lady with a genteel fortune, I was the only issue, she died in the twentieth year of her married state, whilst I was at Cambridge, for I was designed for the church; this loss was fatal to me; in one year my father married a widow, a Mrs. Robarts, whose principal wealth lay in three unportioned daughters, the eldest of whom approached the marriageable state.

At the next vacation I came home to pay my new duty, and rejoice in my father's felicity, but I came with the full remembrance of my mother in my head and heart, and performed my new task but ill; next morning my father sent for me into his study, and accosted me in this manner:

“So sir—like other dutiful children of the present day, I see you have
sat

fat in judgment upon a father's actions, and condemned them; dead to all sensations of a parent's happiness, their desires and affections are fixed upon possessions and inheritances, upon the joyful hour that gives a father to the grave."

This, Sir George, is a specimen of my father's manner; it had always inspired me with awe, and now with terror. I made haste to pay my humblest submission, for submission was the only road to my father's affection: He forgave me on proper conditions.

In reality, as soon as I could forget the dear woman whom I had been accustomed to see mistress of my father's house, I did not find my situation disagreeable. My new mother was all graciousness, Miss Robarts all softness, the girls playful and good-humoured.

It was not till toward the middle of the third vacation, that I began to
make

make certain reflections. Such is the condition of human life, that without certain reflections, man is an idiot; with them, too often a wretch. My father was dictatorial, my mother the bending reed; It was her peculiar happiness constantly to receive instruction from the mouth of wisdom, and to be led into the paths of science by the most enlightened man of this age; this was the tenor of her language to my father, and she had so many various and agreeable modes of speaking it, that he thought her a prodigy of penetration; and believing that mere worldly concerns, were indeed beneath the care of such a man, he consigned these over totally to my mother, who, though with infinite reluctance, condescended to ease him of the burthen.

Mrs. Lindsay had this charming politeness in such abundance, that it flowed over even upon me; of all
men

men she ever knew I had the sweetest temper—yes—I had quite the manners of a gentleman. Me! the manners of a gentleman. Mrs. Lindsay however did not run into this absurdity before company. When my father was present, she praised no one but himself.

Miss Robarts was very engaging also, though not quite in the same way. A Cambridge scholar has, I should think, no right to give the ton to female elegance, yet Miss Robarts always found my taste so just, that she found no difficulty in conforming to it. Once I said, I thought it a singular fancy, that nature having allotted at a medium, about two hundred cubic inches for a lady's head, she should want an envelope of two thousand to put it in. Miss Robarts's caps were very soon contracted in all their dimensions. All at once, as if it had fallen from heaven upon them
for

for their sins—if ladies can sin, An ugly protuberance lodged itself upon the hips of the dear sex. On this occasion, I happened to say, I acquitted ladies of being fond and vain of their own persons. It was evident they were fond of any distortion which made them most unlike themselves. Miss Robarts's protuberance vanished.

This was a delicate flattery, and must have its effect upon the vanity of a raw lad, who had never yet *seen* women. I really liked her company, and was often favoured with it in an alcove of our garden, which she herself had adorned. Our employment there was reading, conversing, and angling for small fish in a little stream which ran on the outside. In any liberty, decent or indecent, which denoted a difference of sex, I never indulged, for I did not love; that passion I was not destined to feel for Miss Robarts.

One

One evening, when the sun was set, and left a beautiful gloom upon the objects it had ceased to illumine, I strolled, on my return from a walk, down to this favourite alcove, and there found Miss Roberts—weeping. Except in haram's and opera-houses, I know not where is to be found any thing in shape of man, insensible to beauty in tears. I sat down by her, and asked the cause of her affliction; she wept the faster; I talked of my regard to her, and how happy it would make me to be the means of diminishing her affliction: she grew by degrees more composed, and began to endeavour to speak; I took her hand, looked at her with all the softness to which I could compose my features, and asked —“ Will you not confide the cause of your grief to me?” She answered quick and earnestly —“ Oh no—indeed—never.”

“ Why not? did I say—be assured,

Miss

Miss Robarts, I shall always take a brother's interest in what concerns you."

"A brother's!" answered she with great quickness, at the same time withdrawing her hand, and applying her handkerchief to her face, as I thought to hide a blush; there was something in it which struck me—I wanted to think—but this was neither the time nor place. I took her hand again by a sort of involuntary motion—I had indeed no inclination to press it, but it remained so acquiescent, I could as little think of giving it its dismissal. At this instant the younger ladies came running to the alcove to inform us supper was ready. We rose to walk, still the hand was not withdrawn; my father and mother were at the parlour window, and saw this awkward piece of gallantry. I afterwards learned, she drew him thither on our distant appearance, observing

serving what a charming thing was family concord.

Horace has said that women have wiles; and Juvenal, that they have wickedness. In my commerce with Greek, Latin, and English, I had found the *feminas caveto* so frequently inculcated, that I was not perfectly clear, that some of the dear sex might not formerly have given cause for the caution. This *feminas caveto* occupied me a part of the night. I was not quite fool enough to be the dupe of art without suspicion, nor wise enough to comprehend clearly, upon what to ground it.

The following morning, after we had breakfasted in great good humour, my father sent for me to his study, and with much solemnity began to read me a lecture upon the sacred duties, and the sacred institution of marriage. If my respect had not kept me silent, astonishment would;

and my father, uninterrupted, said all he thought proper to say. The closing periods came at last, and brought with them a most luminous elucidation of the dark parts of his discourse:

“ Since it has so happened, son William, that you have placed your virtuous affections upon Miss Robarts, and she her’s upon you, I believe it is God’s doing, to perpetuate concord in a family of love. Most fathers would have chose more wealthy daughter’s-in-law ; but what are riches ? Solomon chose wisdom. I am desirous to make you happy, and Miss Robarts being a perfect copy of her excellent mother, you cannot fail of being so with her. You must go back to Cambridge, and when you have got into orders, come to me and I will give you felicity ; I will give you the best of wives, and a good living, of which I have just bought the advowson, and the incumbent is in the last stage of a dropsy.”

I never was eloquent, and especially in my father's presence. It was quite necessary to speak however, and to thank him for his paternal love; this I did as well as I was able, and added a few faltering sentences, calculated to inform him of his error.

Long accustomed to consider his opinion, and even his ideas, as infallible, my father was some time before he understood me; when he did he became angry, accused me of deceit, and finally summoned Mrs. Lindsay, to whom he gave this new information.

It was one of Mrs. Lindsay's virtues not to suffer herself to be betrayed into anger; she said she was sorry, excessively sorry for the mistake; any one might have fallen into it, who saw the engaging manner in which Mr. William had behaved to Miss Roberts. She did not so well know how to excuse her daughter, who certainly ought to

have had decisive proofs before she suffered her affections to be engaged.

"He has deceived her, cried my enraged father, he has deceived her."

"No—father—no—" I answered.

"You are ready at contradiction, sir, says he, but will not find me so easily deluded as a young girl. Send for her, my dear Mrs. Lindsay, let us hear the truth from her own mouth."

"It is my duty, sir, as it is my inclination, to obey you in all things, my mother answered; but I hope you will spare my daughter the blushes such an examination must raise—her modesty, sir—you know, her modesty is excessive. Permit me to interrogate her, sir, unless you chuse to let this unhappy affair sink into oblivion."

"Manage it as you please, my dear Mrs. Lindsay, but I insist upon knowing if deceit has been used; I cannot pardon deceit." Mrs. Lindsay withdrew with a curtesy, a ceremony she usually

usually observed when she left my father's presence ; as to me I was dismissed with a menace, and retired wondering to my own apartment.

I had not enjoyed the solid comforts of reflecting upon a father's kindness more than twenty minutes, when I heard a bustle below. I opened the door. Heavens—what an alarm! Miss Robarts is dead—Miss Robarts is dying—my sister is fallen into a swoon ; and my mamma is going to fall into a swoon too. Lord have mercy,—what will become of us all.

I could not help running down to assist at the obsequies, and met my father at the door of Miss Robarts's apartment. This young lady was not dead ; she must have swooned indeed, for her mother said so ; at present there was only a disposition to shed tears, which on my father's entrance, flowed profusely. These did not tend to quench my father's anger ; (but even

in anger he could be pathetic) and he concluded a bitter philippic against me, with a sort of an address to heaven:—"Why—O why—says he—am I punished with an obdurate wretch, whose heart is hardened, and whose eyes are blind to so much merit and softness!" In reality my father was mistaken here; those eyes began to see but too clearly.

Miss Robarts, as soon as she could speak, spoke in extenuation of my culpability. "Love, she said, was involuntary. It was more her misfortune than my fault. She must own, indeed, that the many agreeable and flattering things Mr. William had said to her, did seem to indicate affection; she feared she had misinterpreted; gentlemen, now a-days, she was informed, took great liberties of language with young women."

"I see it all—says my angry father—I see it all; he is undone, tor-
rupted,

rupted, and sunk into perdition, by the vile manners of the age. Go, sir, —go back to college—and think of your transgressions. But presume not to take holy orders, contaminated as you are with fraud and perfidy.—Go.—” I intreated to be heard; my father would not hear, and my mother, with great gentleness, intreated me to retire for the present—“till, (says she in a whisper) your father’s anger is abated; that shall be my business.”

I waited for this abatement till the next day, but received only a positive order to go back to Cambridge, for that whilst I stayed he should be confined to his study, not being able to endure to see me. So this house of concord fell all into disorder. I left it as soon as possible, and, with an humble mind, but proud, angry, and I fear, a little vindictive.

Into this state of mind I was brought, by a sense of my father’s ill usage, and

Mrs Lindsay's art; but from submission and repentance, my father's injunctions, I was withheld by love. One mile from Cambridge lived a Miss Johnson, elegant, penny-less, and devoted to anxiety. Family misfortunes had reduced her to the necessity of living a dependent upon a peevish aunt, and submitting to the insults of half a dozen cousins. I had the good fortune to relieve her from the impertinence of a young, rich, licentious scholar, and she thanked me for it—with all her heart. I loved her with all the honour, all the ardour of ingenuous youth, and waited only an establishment to make her my own for life.

This dear girl I went to see on my arrival at Cambridge, and found her in a worse situation than my own. A disagreeable man had been offered her for a husband; she had refused, and in consequence had received a peremptory

tory dismissal, only that the excessive goodness of her aunt, had permitted her to stay one month, that she might have time to seek out a place.

I wrote to my father with great respect, but my mind was too high set to permit me to use those humiliating terms, which alone could procure my pardon. I was even foolish enough to hint something about women and wiles, and pour le comble, as the French say, I declared my situation with regard to Miss Johnson.

My father was too indignant to return me an answer; it came from Mrs. Lindsay's pen, and it said, how she had endeavoured, and would continue her endeavours to assuage my father's anger. At present he was more enraged than ever, and had commanded her to tell me—— she could not write the harsh sentence—— He refused me any remittance whatever, till I returned to my duty—and

banished me his house and presence. She was afraid I might be distressed for want of money, and therefore, unknown to him, had inclosed a 20l. bank note.

My first impulses were to return this note, and reject her friendship; but Miss Johnson — she indeed declared it better that she should go out to service, or any thing, than that I should confirm my father in his displeasure. I reasoned differently, and as men in love generally do reason. As long, says I, as Miss Robarts and I remain single, Mrs. Lindsay will suppose we may be married. The most prudent step will be to end the controversy by my marriage. My father will be angry for a time, but the anger of parents soon ceases when children are submissive: certainly he will not carry it beyond the grave. I shall be in orders soon. The wants of nature are easily supplied; let us

not

not distrust providence. We shall have acted virtuously, and virtue is her own reward.

Upon the strength of these self-evident axioms, Miss Johnson——for she too was in love——was persuaded to do that which she wished, rather than that which she thought prudent—and we were married.

CHAP. XII.

OUR good aunt, continued Mr. Lindsay, very much approved the match, and even promoted it, when she knew I lay under my father's displeasure; but when, in consequence of my first letter after marriage, my

father wrote to the provost of our college, only that he had renounced and disinherited me, it made a great alteration in her manner of thinking. She then said I was a knave and her niece a fool, and that she washed her hands of both of us.

In effect, not being able to stay at Cambridge, consequently losing the power of getting into orders, I was obliged to have recourse to my pen for a livelihood. I began, as young authors usually do, with newspapers and magazines. I grew by degrees more confident, became a politician, an essayist, and even a poet. I laboured, Mrs. Lindsay was economical, we had two pretty children, loved each other, and were happy.

Our first distress arose from a long illness of my wife; it exhausted our savings, and enervated my pen. We began to want necessaries, and consequently to acquire humility. I wrote
to

to my father, he was still inexorable; Mrs. Lindsay was so good as to inform me of it with her own pen: she said she was excessively sorry for my distresses, and lamented my father's inflexibility. Had she had any power over him, things should not be so. Out of her own and daughter's savings, she had scraped together 50l. this she sent me, requiring my note in return; for the time might come, she said, and God knew how soon, when I might abound in wealth, and she be under the necessity of making a claim upon me.

It was not a time for consideration or delicacy. Nay, I was sometimes grateful enough to think that I might have misinterpreted or judged Mrs. Lindsay too severely, and that she might have a good heart. So I wrote her a letter of thanks, inclosing my note.

The two following years I lived

like most other men; sometimes with tolerable happiness, sometimes with intolerable misery. The latter arose from my wife's declining health. At the end of this time I was summoned to my father's funeral, without having heard of his illness, though it had been of long continuance.

I found my mother-in-law, overwhelmed with grief; and I said, I know not what unmeaning things by way of consolation. I enquired after the young ladies, and was answered they had been sent to the house of a friend a few days—God knows, Mr. Lindsay, said she, whether ever to return; for I am ignorant, totally ignorant, whether any provision be made for me, except the slender pittance settled at my marriage. I beg, Mr. Lindsay, you will make perfectly free with every thing in the house. Indeed I believe every thing is yours; and have the goodness to excuse me; so saying, she retired to her apartment.

My

My father's funeral had been over several days, for the distance from London was too great to wait for me; so the attorney being sent for, and a neighbour or two, we proceeded to our only business, the promulgation of the will. It was short, but expressive. All his possessions whatsoever and wheresoever, he bequeathed to his dear wife; except—according to the old, but unnecessary form of disinherison—one shilling to me.

My wishes to procure my Charlotte that change of situation and those other reliefs which her disorder required, had made me indulge some hope during my journey, and the expression of my mother's fears had increased it. My disappointment was almost too strong to bear. I had however the resolution to suppress complaint, and to shew no striking marks of discontent.

Mrs. Lindsay was not present at the
opening

opening of the will; it would have been too much for her feeble spirits. So she requested the attorney to inform her of the melancholy contents. When she had received this information, she sent down by the same gentleman a polite message, to excuse her coming down, but requesting that I would consider *her* house as my own.

Her house! The expression mortified me; but it was not my interest, nor indeed my inclination, to shew her any disrespect; so I spent that night alone, amusing myself with reflecting upon the evils brought into the world by unrelenting fathers, and insidious step-mothers; I might have added improvident sons, but I do not remember that they made any part of my meditation.

The next day I expected to be favoured with Mrs. Lindsay's company, but she was ill—exceeding ill—her loss was more than she could bear; she was
afraid

afraid she should not be able to leave her room many days; hoped I was accommodated to my liking, and that I should stay as long as was convenient and agreeable to myself.

This message I interpreted into a civil desire that I would leave her house as soon as I could. I obeyed. In a note I thanked my mother for her kind invitation; but said, that as I had now nothing left, not even hope, I was under the necessity of employing my time and talents, such as they were, for the support of my family. She wished me a good journey.

I mentioned that I had two children; one had died a year before, and had rendered the other doubly dear. It was a sweet little girl, a most beautiful picture of health, innocence, and her mother. Entering my own house, I found this little darling dead upon the bed, my wife in strong convulsions,
and

and the terrified maid screaming for help, which however nobody brought.

Upon this scene I cannot dwell, for I am no painter of agony. My Charlotte recovered, only to present me with the still more distressing scene of death daily expected. All the vigour of my mind was gone; I thought not of living, and suffered poverty to approach me unregarded. It came too soon. Of the full tide of affluence which flowed in upon my mother-in-law from my ruin, I had constantly expected to be a small partaker; not from her benevolence—I now knew her too well, but from a woman who might be desirous to save appearances, and stand well in the opinion of the little world around her; still nothing came. As I grew more distressed I became more humble. It was from her alone I had a right to expect relief; and I wrote just to announce my existence and my necessity.

Of

Of this, she took no notice. A month after, I thought myself under the necessity of making a stronger application. Still I wrote with dignity, and indeed stated matters rather too distinctly; but instead of appealing to her generosity, her candour, and her good nature, I made the appeal to her gratitude and her equity. She answered me as follows:

“ Sir,

“ Since my late most respectable husband, the wisest and best of men, thought proper to punish filial disobedience, it becomes not me to act contrary to his will and intention, which you appear to expect I ought to do, but which my conscience and reverence for the dear deceased, tell me I ought not. How could I answer making that use of his bounty, which I must know was directly contrary to his pious design; for he had still left
so

so much paternal regard, as to wish you might have all your punishment in this world. So wishing you well, I remain your humble servant,

MARY LINDSAY."

When I received this answer, I had just paid the last rites to my dear Charlotte. I would not now even have accepted her kindness, since it would benefit myself alone. I felt the insulting hypocrisy of her letter; I determined to sting her malignant soul, and if I may judge by the event, I did it most effectually.

This event was an arrest for the debt I owed her; I was conducted to prison; I would have it so; I felt an indignant satisfaction in it. What, says I, is a jail? A gloomy house. I love a gloomy house; besides, every honest man ought to be confined, for he has chosen an unskilful pilot, who knows
to

to steer into no harbour, but of poverty and contempt. This was bad satire no doubt, and false reasoning, but a man so situated is seldom placid enough to reason well. So, Sir George, ends my history, in which I believe the principal virtue I displayed was pride. And the principal virtue you did not display, answered Sir George, was cunning. To be begotten by a tyrant, supplanted by a step-mother, to lose a fortune — these as you observe, are common enough — but it is not so common to support integrity untainted, and an independent spirit, the pride and boast of man. My dear Lindsay, continued Sir George, and pressing his hand with an emotion of tenderness—I love you for your pride, I love you for your misfortunes, and I have an additional reason to wish to be a man by law—to relieve the mind of my long suffering friend from a dependence

dence he is so ill calculated to bear.

Mr. Lindsay returned Sir George's
pressure with silent gratitude.

C H A P. XIII.

SIR George could not reflect with satisfaction, on leaving Combor, without seeing again the fair quaker, and more especially Miss Colerain, but the introduction was difficult; he walked out however next morning with Mr. Lindsay, and passed a beautiful white house on the edge of a common, where they saw nobody; this was the habitation of Miss Colerain, and seemed a paradise in miniature. A quarter of a mile farther

stood a neat small brick house, where Miss Carlill lived with her mother; they passed it, and saw the young lady at work in the parlour; she came out to look after them, they touched their hats and returned to enquire how she did, and received an invitation to walk in; Miss Carlill was at work upon a landscape in needle-work. Not having seen any thing like it before, Sir George was really surprised to see likenesses so effected, and paid her the proper compliments. One imitation was of a countryman in a cottage garden, suspending the labours of his spade to look with the delighted eye of a father, upon a little ragged chubby faced boy, defending its bread and butter from a tame magpye.

It occurred to Sir George, what Mrs. Bane had said, that Miss Carlill was supposed almost to support her mother and self with the profits of her needlework; he requested therefore to

know if she had any finished piece upon sale; she produced one, it was the figure of an elephant carrying a Nabob, whose dress and insignia had given Miss Carlill an opportunity of displaying all her genius. Sir George was profuse in its praise, and asked how long it had employed her? she answered about half a year. And the price, madam, says Sir George? I value it says she, at twenty-five guineas. And I, says Sir George, at fifty. So taking a fifty pound bank note from his pocket-book, he presented it to Miss Carlill, and requested she would take the trouble of putting it properly up, and forwarding it to Miss Paradyne in Grosvenor-square. A little contest ensued upon Miss Carlill's declining to receive more than her own value, but Sir George insisted she did not understand calculation, and wished he might be permitted to teach her the elements of
taht

that useful science ; in fine he conquered ; a ~~diff~~ultory conversation ensued, in which Miss Carlill supported her opinions, and she had opinions, with the same spirit as if Sir George had not been a baronet, and her recent benefactor, and in two hours the party seemed to have known each other half an age. Sir George even invited himself to tea, which Miss Carlill granted, saying, it is a pleasure she could not refuse herself, though a little out of decorum, she believed, as decorums went now.

As the gentlemen were returning to the inn, Sir George observed to Mr. Lindsay, that he had taken very little share in the conversation to-day, and had not, as far as he remembered, paid Miss Carlill a single compliment, whilst he had scattered his incense yesterday with profusion upon Mr. and Mrs. Holford, two objects

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who,

who, in his opinion, had little merit to plead.

“ You yourself, Sir George, answered Mr. Lindsay, are the cause both of the one and the other.”

“ Me—Lindsay—says Sir George—pray explain the enigma.”

“ Yesterday, replied Mr. Lindsay, I gave, because you were not disposed to give; to-day, you were liberal enough for both.”

“ What—dear Lindsay — says Sir George—is there no difference betwixt giving applause where it is due, and where it is not?”

“ It is on our little self-complacencies, Sir George, answered Mr. Lindsay, well or ill founded, we build the far greater part of our happiness; and when these are productive of laudable, or no illaudable pursuits, it is a species of robbery to deprive a person of the possession. It is not absolutely necessary that Mr. Holford should distinguish

guish accurately, a Caracalla from a Lucius Verus; but it is, that Sir George Paradyne should be polite and well bred, and not give pain in return for intended pleasure. We owe to society, not to be forward in discovering to others their little errors, when no good can result from the correction, and especially not to sacrifice the vanity of others at the shrine of our own."

"Well done! says Sir George, smiling, that is home however; I hope you are not now acting in the teeth of your precept?"

"Fairly retorted, returned Mr. Lindsay, but you are my pupil you know, and Mr. Holford was not yours."

"And is not my dear tutor a little inexplicable? could Marcus Tullius pass higher encomiums upon sincerity, veracity, candor?"

"If time, if place, if occasion, be

not considered, replied Sir George, all the virtues are in danger of falling foul upon each other; not any of them require that we should deprive mankind of a single pleasure it can enjoy with innocence."

The argument was kept up till their arrival at the Falcon; Sir George was convinced—which is not a common consequence of argument—and what is still more uncommon, he had the fortitude to confess it.

C H A P. XIV.

OUR Gentlemen were punctual to the hour of tea, and found Mrs. Carlill with her daughter prepared for their reception. The old gentle-

gentlewoman was very sickly, but still loquacious, and could not resist the desire she had to shew her guests that she had seen better days. After thanking Sir George for his generosity, she said, time had been when she could be generous. She had not always lived in a cottage; her father was a substantial citizen of Winchester—but he was gone—gone to his last peaceful abode, where the wicked trouble not—and all her relations. Her husband was Abraham Carlill of the city of London, a man well known in his day, well endowed with the good things of this world, which were but vain shadows; yet he thirsted after them, and made rash ventures, and lost all, and died, and left them to lament his indiscretions. Her Abraham had a brother at Ghent, in Flanders, a man well respected by the friends, but lost unto them, because he lost money by Abraham's
H 3 failure,

failure, and could never be persuaded that it was owing to her husband's integrity that he was not paid his whole debt in preference to other creditors. When the good gentlewoman had exhausted her favourite topic and herself, she reposed in silence, and left the conversation to go on how it pleased.

After having enquired how Miss Colerain did, and expressing some sorrow to hear she was unfortunate, Sir George turned the discourse on Miss Haubert, and said, he could not have believed there was at this day in England a woman of that lady's fortune, who could have behaved with so little politeness, and with so little care to conceal the sense she had of her own importance. There must have been, Sir George said, something singular in her education.

"I believe, answered Miss Carlill, this singularity may be accounted for, but

but I do not think it will amuse thee to hear it."

"Very much so, Sir George replied, if the relation would not be too great a fatigue to herself."

"Sir Simon Haubert, the father of this lady, Miss Carlill said, lived as most country gentlemen of his time did. He was a jovial man, a fox hunter, and above all, a lover of money. Sir Simon had two sons and this daughter; at a proper age the eldest son went the tour, the youngest continued at Oxford; the latter was said by the few who remembered him, to have been an amiable man, worthy of a better fate than he appears to have met with, though indeed very little is known about him.

"The eldest son married a Mrs. Palick, a widow, very rich in copper mines; she died without issue at an early period, and left behind her the character of a woman of the very first

oeconomy. Indeed it appeared this pair were so happily suited to each other, that they quitted all society for the dear enjoyment of themselves and their money.

“ This inclination to living alone was usually ascribed to the lady, and it was thought Sir Simon would now open his doors and live like a man of fortune. No—the man had acquired in solitude a taste for architecture; he had amused himself with drawing plans, and at length conceived the humble idea that he had nothing to do but to build, to be acknowledged the first architect in this kingdom at least.

“ The mansion-house it seems was what they called gothic; so he began by building two Greek wings; somehow these did not accord, and Sir Simon found himself under the necessity of pulling down the house and joining it to the wings; by some error in the design they did not unite; the unemployed

ployed builders laughed, and said Sir Simon wanted nothing but taste and knowledge to build a very good house. The fabric received the honour of a criticism in the London papers. Sir Simon answered by building his wings over again.

“ At length, friend Haubert perceived his labour was like to be in vain, so he desisted and returned again to his accounts—wouldst thee believe it? he had expended eighty thousand pounds, twenty of which had been lent him by his steward. He died soon after, it was said, of grief, at making this double discovery.

“ The succession, as friend Haubert died intestate, fell of course to his sister. Catherine Haubert had merit. The flatteries of the men had not rendered her vain, for flattery is usually founded on beauty, and she had it not. From ten to eighteen she was an enigma; she did every thing by fits; was

docile, indocile, tractable, intractable, dutiful, disobedient, and these humours succeeded each other as day follows night, only with less certainty as to the times of coming and going; about eighteen her character began to fix. Sullenness and pride appeared to be predominating qualities.

When Catherine Haubert lost her mother she got a governess, a good sort of woman, and as well qualified to correct the errors of the understanding as a woman who has none well can be. As brother Simon was constantly putting her out of humour by telling her she was ugly, her governess was under the necessity of putting her in again, by telling her she had amazing talents; and it is actually true that an intellectual taste was formed by this flattery, which in time grew to be a passion; but being cultivated as chance or whim directed, it was not likely science in friend Ca-

therine's head, should be perfectly regular.

“ By the will of her father she had six thousand pounds ; and same, always liberal upon these occasions, had doubled it. An oeconomical gentleman in the neighbourhood calculated that he could supply Catharine Haubert with books, for half the money it would cost to furnish cloaths only for any well brought up woman, and that under the copious catalogue of expences which come under the general head of dissipation, there would be great savings ; in favour of these he overlooked her learning, which husbands I suppose do not covet in a wife, and bowed down and worshipped her.

“ Upon this occasion, her features, which are rather hard, took the most placid and smiling turn they are capable of ; and fearing, as it was the first, it might be the last tale of love

that would ever be addressed to her ear—she early and graciously granted his suit, and for the matters of commerce that belonged to it, referred him to her brother.

“From friend Simon he learned that he had reasoned upon false premises, and that Catharine Haubert’s accomplishments were less by half than he had conceived them; so he went home to form his calculation anew. It did not answer. So he wrote his mistress that circumstances had arisen between the baronet and him, which rendered it impossible for him to pursue the dear delightful hope of calling her his own, and took his leave for ever with all the needful expressions of anguish, and a broken heart.

“Catharine Haubert could not conceive what these circumstances could be; but when she had learned them from her brother, she began to entertain

entertain the most sovereign contempt for mankind, and at length it became certain that a creature so immersed in earthly things, was not entitled to any regard from so exalted a person as herself.

“Catharine Haubert endeavoured to get above this earth; since man was not, what else could be worthy her notice? so she took flight into the region of metaphysics. They say she has been lost ever since; but a friend of ours has traced her steps, and has given us the following account:

“He says, that Catherine Haubert was first struck with amazement at what appeared to be the greatest of human conceptions—the monades and pre-established harmony of Leibnitz. This system fixed her faith a long time; but Malbranche came, and with him she saw all things in God; how then should she see any thing wrong? Mr. Locke shewed her clearly ideas, although

although begotten by outward objects, were born and brought up within; and that the mind, let it look out as sharp as it would, could hear, see, smell, taste, touch, nothing but these ideas whatever. Then says the bishop of Cloyne, how can we be certain there is any thing else whatever, to hear, see, smell, taste, or touch? Certain, it is more worthy an omnipotent being, to raise ideas in the minds of intelligent creatures, by an expansion of his own——what? of his own-will, than to incumber the universe with gross and senseless matter; and the phenomena were better accounted for by this sublime system, and christian faith more firmly supported. Thus, by one catholic apostolic decree, every thing but spirit would have been banished for ever from the infinite regions of space, had not David Hume shewed by very clear induction from the bishop's premises, that in spite of Des Cartes—"I think,

think, therefore I am—" it is very likely that there was no existence whatever.

I, for my part, continued Miss Carlill, do not understand a word of all this; but my friend, who sees Catherine Haubert often, tells me she still travels in air, and flies from cloud to cloud.

CHAP. XV.

SIR George, after thanking Miss Carlill for the pains she had taken for his information, observed, that from the pride of birth and fortune, joined to much ignorance of the world, he could easily conceive Miss Haubert's behaviour might incline too much

much to arrogance; but for the marked rudeness shewn to so amiable a lady as Miss Coleraine, there must be some additional cause.

There are many, Miss Carlill replied; the first was, that when neighbour Haubert visited any where, the company were so full of Cornelia Colerain's praise, there was none left for herself. This was a general cause. It happened also that a small farmer, tenant of friend Haubert died, leaving a wife and four small children. The two succeeding half years, the poor woman was deficient in rent, so the bailiff took away one of her two milking cows; the other indeed, gave her children milk, but could not furnish the butter and small cheeses, of which she must make the principal part of her rent. It was needful for poor neighbour Haubert to have the other cow; the orders were actually given. When it came to the ears of Cornelia Colerain,

Colerain, who was almost as much celebrated for benevolence as beauty, she paid the rent, and replaced the lost cow with a better. Neighbour Haubert thought it was terribly insolent that a stranger should presume to be kind to her tenants; she ordered her to quit, and Cornelia Colerain was obliged to provide the woman with another farm, on which she now does very well.

“ But there was still worse : a young man of Scotland, not abounding in wealth, son of him they call Lord Ab-skirk, came to pay his addresses to Catherine Haubert. I do not know what his success was there—they say, equal to his hopes. But going to Southampton, he chanced at one of the assemblies, to dance with Cornelia Colerain, whose fortune, no one at that time doubted, would be fifty thousand pounds. I fear the young man was rude to Catherine Haubert ;
he

he went to see her no more. Cornelia Colerain suited his taste better, and he did all he could to obtain her. It is true, he failed, for Cornelia has a way of judging about men, of which few, very few indeed, can stand the test."

"What I have seen, and what you tell me of this young lady, says Sir George, interests me exceedingly. Is she reduced to absolute poverty?"

"She is," replied Miss Carlill.

"Is it improper, asked Sir George, to inquire by what means?"

"Not at all; no inquiry can hurt Cornelia Colerain. But what will repay thy attention? In her little story there is no romance; and thou mayest judge by the event, that she was never under the protection of any beneficent fairy. Indeed there is nothing extraordinary in the circumstances which relate to her. Fathers and aunts will die; I know no remedy. There will be villains among mankind, notwithstanding

standing religion or the gallows—notwithstanding even Botany Bay; and those who have property are the only people who have a chance for losing it.”

At this remark, the good Mrs Carlill began to sigh, to sob, to groan, to raise her eyes to Heaven; all this was an exordium to the long tale of Abraham Carlill's ruin, which lasted till it was proper for the gentlemen to take leave for the evening, and made it necessary for Sir George to beg a dish of tea the next afternoon. Miss Carlill granted the request, and they took leave.

They passed by the door of a cottage; a woman was holding the head of a poor man, in an agony of retching; some ragged children were running about; it does not signify, John, says the woman, you must have help, and I will go to the overseers, you know there is no charity left hereabouts,

abouts, since Miss Colerain lost her means.

This called back Sir George. "You seem distressed, good woman." "Ay, forely, sir. My husband has had Kentish ague six weeks; he's never willing to apply to parish, so we've rubbed on wi help of gentlewoman o' yonder white house, thof she's nothing left for herself — vengeance o' the rogue as brought her down."

Sir George gave her what silver he had, and Mr. Lindsay directions how to manage her husband, to whom, as he wanted medicines, Sir George determined to send an apothecary in the morning; he even rose earlier than common for the purpose, and rode to a Mr. Ward at Winton, to whom he related the poor man's case. I know the man, answered Mr. Ward, he's honest but poor; I suppose it will be a love case, but as the man is so bad — why my way is this — to cure people

ple first if I can, and then consider how I can get paid ; when I find the inclination to pay wanting, and not the means, it vexes me, and I talk of lawyers ; when I find it is the means, and not the inclination, I put it down to the account of good works.

“ An excellent system, says Sir George, has it made you rich ? ”

“ Rich in good works.”

“ This man, says Sir George, may want medicine and attendance for a month, and I beg he may have all that is necessary ; Mrs. Bane, at the Falcon, will pay your bill. I wish you good morrow.”

Both Sir George and Mr. Lindsay thought the day long, both were impatient for the hour of tea ; at length it came, and after a desultory conversation, in which the gentlemen and the lady found themselves as friendly and familiar as a long acquaintance could have

have made them. Miss Carlill spoke in this manner :

Cornelia Colerain lost her mother when she was about seventeen; her father was a merchant at Southampton, who had his fortune to make when he settled there, and he had at this time made a large one. He purchased that white house, with forty acres of land around it; and it became the province of Cornelia to superintend there, whilst the family at Southampton was put under the care of Mrs. Colerain, a sister of his, who in the prime of life had been a governess to some children of family in Cornwall, and who was rewarded with a pension of one hundred pounds for life. At this house Cornelia delighted to live, and to exercise her benevolent propensities; here she avoided many things which were disagreeable to her in society; and so many were her avocations, that I know not whether she
ever

ever felt for a minute, the fatigue of indolence, which I am told, is the pre-disposing cause of most modern female diseases.

Cornelia Colerain reads much, and writes charmingly; her letters were my great consolation in our family distress. She draws well, paints prettily, and is said to excel upon the harpsichord. These are what are called accomplishments. I could deservedly praise her more and better, but my business is only to tell her story.

Cornelia had many lovers, or pretenders, but her mode of thinking was not favourable. She tried them by certain ideas of moral excellency, which I believe does not suit the times. It is likely she would have continued long in her maiden state, had her fortune proved stable. It is now probable she will never change it.

John Colerain had taken into his
'compting

'compting house, a young man whose name was Talbot. In his youth, it seems, he had been the Corydon of a village. He supposed himself to be a very pretty man, and that pretty men were the most valuable of the species. In London, where he served my father three years as a clerk, he kept company only with low women and looking-glasses; and neither of them taught him to correct his vices or his vanity. But though he was a coxcomb he had talents, and became valuable for his knowledge of business, and for his application.

John Colerain, on experience of his capacity, took him a one-eighth partner, to interest him more in the business, and he had apartments in the house. At this time I was much with Cornelia, and we amused ourselves with his airs and graces. I had before known him to be strongly impressed with a notion that he had attractions

transactions which few women could resist; the sweet temper and engaging disposition of Cornelia Colerain, was not calculated to correct this idea. She did not think herself entitled to pay the attentions of civility, though more assiduous than common, with disdain, as I had done; and this gentleness persuaded the young fool, that Cornelia was enamoured of his person, and that this must be the cause of her quick dismissal of lover after lover; of two even who had titles.

Cornelia Colerain considered herself as mistress, at their country house, and endeavoured to make every one happy in it. When it was Thomas Talbot's fortune to visit here, her superior attention confirmed him in his unfortunate delusion; he was assured a declaration would be received with secret joy, and he took an opportunity to make it, with all the modesty of a coxcomb.

Cornelia Colerain, though astonished and vexed, did not take fire at this declaration, as I suppose most young women would have done in similar circumstances ; she only said, she was very sorry he had entertained such an affection, for she could not return it, and did not like to give pain to any one.

This was so gentle a rejection, that I dare say it might have emboldened men more modest than Thomas Talbot. He did persevere till he became intolerable, and obliged Cornelia to treat him with anger and disdain. This also failing, she was under the necessity of applying to her father.

John Colerain was angry. His first step was to dismiss the offender from his house. His next would have been to have dissolved the partnership, but that the young man humbled himself, and promised never to repeat the offence.

But the affront rankled in his bosom.

som. It was indeed a severe mortification, for it shook the whole fabric of coxcombry to its foundation; he found he wanted comfort, and sought it in wine, and in the company of abandoned women.

Things were thus situated, when John Colerain was called to Bourdeaux, upon the failure of a great house there. It was an alarming circumstance, for he had accepted bills to a large amount, for wines, not yet collected. It is true, the honour of the house was unimpeached, but it had been imprudent.

Great fatigue brought upon John Colerain an illness which left him with an alarming debility. In his letters to his daughter he concealed this, only saying, his stay was occasioned by business. Thomas Talbot had more regard for truth; he told her the whole of her father's danger. It is probable he aspired to be her conductor to

Bourdeaux; for he said it was dangerous to go through France without one, and he would endeavour to put business in such a train as to be able to attend her, if she chose to go. She chose to go indeed, but not with Thomas Talbot. He was odious for his pretensions, and more odious for his libertinism. Cornelia answered his proposal with asperity; nay—she even hinted an intention of laying before her father, the flagitious part of his conduct.

This little insinuation put Thomas Talbot into anger; for men cannot always be kindly disposed to women who abuse them. In that frame of mind, several suspicious things fell from him; nay, he told her plainly, that high as she was in the world, there were circumstances which might pull her down, and even make her repent her proud treatment of himself. That, assuming a smile of the utmost contempt—

tempt — that, she said, was impossible.

Cornelia Colerain set out for France, with her maid and a black servant, a man much regarded for his faithful attachment to her father, and for circumstances which happened in Barbadoes, and will be long remembered there. She did not seek adventures; adventures did not seek her; and she arrived at Bourdeaux, with fatigue indeed, but without accident.

At the sight of her emaciated father, she fainted in his arms. To him, her coming was a cordial of the most reviving kind; his spirits were raised, his malady appeared to have given way, and in a week he made preparations for leaving his friends at Bourdeaux, and took his passage home in a vessel then ready to sail for England.

About the third day a storm arose, which drove them to the south of cape

Finisterre; and the wind continuing adverse, it was six weeks before they could enter the channel. The inconveniences they suffered in consequence, would have been severely felt by Cornelia, but for a much deeper affliction.

Her father's illness returned with double violence; he declined rapidly, and died in his daughter's arms, two days before the vessel entered Poole harbour. You are men of humanity, you will feel for Cornelia's afflictions, they are beyond my power to describe.

It was evening when they came on shore. Cornelia got into a chaise with her maid, and Fidel, the black servant, attending her on horseback, she arrived at Southampton about ten o'clock, and was driven to her father's house. Fidel rapped long and loud, no one came to answer; at length a woman who kept a little shop at three doors distance, ran to the chaise with a candle.

a candle. "The Lord be good unto me, Miss, says she, is it you? God be thanked; then I hope things are not so bad as folks say."

"You terrify me to death, Mrs. Mercer, says Cornelia, what do you mean? why is my father's house deserted? and where is my aunt?"

"Gracious—Miss—the good woman answered—why you talk as if you knew nothing of what happened."

"I do not indeed, replied Cornelia."

"Goodness—says Mrs. Mercer—what not know how Mr. Talbot is run away with a power of money? and how they got your father into the Gazette? then they turned the servants and clerks all out of the house."

Cornelia sunk to the bottom of the chaise, whence she was carried by Fidel and another neighbour into Mrs. Mercer's back room. She was not long however deprived of recollection;

and when she had learned that her aunt was at Comber common, insisted upon Fidel's procuring another chaise, and in three hours found herself pressed to the bosom of her affectionate aunt. They afflicted and consoled each other. When they retired to rest, the unburied body of her father swam before Cornelia's eyes, her disordered imagination painted sad scenes of poverty and want; a fever and delirium came on; her life was despaired of many days; during which the more immediate friends of John Colerain, took care of his interment.

At the first meeting of the creditors, after Thomas Talbot had disappeared, a general prejudice prevailed against John Colerain, and even his daughter, as accomplices in fraud. Some went so far as to deny the father's death, and to say it was a mock funeral. But when the commission came on, when the books were examined, and the evidences,

evidences, when all circumstances were compared, these malignant opinions lost all force—except amongst two sorts of people—those who had been most vehement in their propagation and support, and those who found it convenient to seem to entertain them; because, having been the most intimate friends of Cornelia, something more than pity might have been expected from them. Amongst the rest, who had no such powerful motives of belief, there was but one opinion, that Thomas Talbot was the sole delinquent—an abandoned miscreant—whose irregularity of life and malignant disposition, had reduced to ruin the fortune of his benefactor.

For immediately after the departure of Cornelia for France, Thomas Talbot was detected in an amour with a barber's wife, and the barber, a man of spirit, forced him to purchase safety at a pretty dear rate. It was believed

that Thomas Talbot meditated to raise what money he could, and decamp with it, not daring to wait John Colerain's coming home, when a letter of attorney to sell stock in the public funds, to supply the exigencies of trade, arrived from Bourdeaux. John Colerain had twenty thousand pounds in the stock; Thomas Talbot thus empowered, sold it all; though the credit of the house would have been well supported by five thousand; and having raised about six thousand more, went off, no one knows whither.

Although it is a year since the commission began, it is not yet closed. Fifteen shillings in the pound have been paid, and nearly enough remains to clear the whole. An old humane merchant bought the white house there, intending Cornelia Colerain and her aunt should possess it rent free for their lives; but see how every thing is unfortunate for Cornelia Colerain.

Three

Three months since, she lost her aunt, and was by her death reduced to absolute poverty. About the same time also, died suddenly the old merchant, who had neglected to put his humane intentions into a legal form. His heirs have quarrelled about the possession of this very house, and not being able to adjust it, have ordered it to be sold, Cornelia having the proper notice to quit.

Miss Carlill having finished Miss Colerain's little history, received the thanks of the gentlemen, who expressed much concern for the unfortunate subject. After a little fit of musing, Sir George enquired how far it was possible to express sensation or passion by needlework; Miss Carlill answered, —“ Not very accurately, thou may'st be sure; but something may be done.” “ I am disposed, says Sir George, to indulge myself with a piece of your execution, representing the scene at

Southampton, on the return of Miss Colerain; dare you undertake it?"

"I will do all I can to oblige thee," replied Miss Carlill, but thou thyself must point out the group of particulars which must be represented by a single instant." "Then, says Sir George, I will take the liberty to wait upon you in the morning, in order to confer with you upon the subject, after having *dreamt* about it. So for the present we will bid you adieu.

CHAP. XVI.

I WISH I knew the cause of dreams. I never shall, till the gentlemen philosophers have settled whether thinking is done and performed

formed by vibrations, or by points, or by the action of nothing upon something, which is so well explained by the immaterialists. I comfort myself with reflecting, that by the upward reasoning of the *physicians*, and the downward reasoning of *divines*, we shall come to know every thing in time, and that my grandson will explain in the twenty-fifth edition of this work, the cause why, and the manner how, Sir George Paradyne, the ensuing night, made seas, and ships, and rocks, and more Miss Cole-rain's than an Esquimaux can count; she called for his assistance in a thousand dangers; he flew, he swam, he dived, he fought to save her.

To this kind of sleep, Sir George was little indebted for refreshment. He shook it off early to indulge in meditation. He considered his projected scene of the evening at Southampton; but he considered Still more, how it might be possible to get introduced to
Miss

Miss Colerain; whether there was any refined and delicate mode of benevolence, by which she could be assisted. Of all delicate things, to give, was the most delicate. It was necessary to know a multitude of preparatory things, such as Miss Colerain's degree of refinement, her delicacy, intentions, inclinations, in short it was necessary to be intimately acquainted with her.

Weary at length with the labour of an excursive imagination, which could find nothing solid to rest upon, Sir George rose—before the sun. The rising sun is a charming object; but it is the peculiar unhappiness of English ladies and gentlemen, seldom to have an opportunity to enjoy it. The reason of this seems to be, that Brookes's and the Pantheon are so unskilfully situated, that a view of the horizon is not to be had; so was not the churchyard of Comber, and thither Sir
George

George bent his morning course. It was once more to behold the magnificent views, which had so charmed him the first time, that Sir George sought this beautiful summit; the scenery of the country was equally rich, the cities as majestic, the sea as grand as before ; yet none of these had so many attractions for Sir George's eyes, as the white house on Comber common; an object not rich, nor grand, nor majestic. He soon perceived, however, that objects are not so distinct at the distance of half a mile, as of half a yard, and he wanted to see it distinctly. He had a prospect-glass in his hand, by the help of which he saw that the house had twelve sash-windows in front, and that there was a small court before it, in which moved something that seemed—a woman. The foot-path which led toward the house was not in its front, so that Sir George, before he
was

was seen himself, found a position in which he could view the flower-garden, and the lady in it, at his ease. He had never before seen such beauty, so unadorned, and it appeared the more to be beauty. Her shape, "fine by degrees," had no cloak, or cardinal, or shawl, to conceal it; a straw hat with a green ribbon shaded her lovely and pensive face, and her fine mild eyes seemed to shine with uncommon lustre.

As Sir George had drank tea with Miss Colerain, there did not seem to be any impropriety in accosting her, and he gave her the morning salutation; she returned it, not without some apparent flutter. "You seem, madam, by your early rising, says Sir George, to be an admirer of the beauties of nature?" "I hope I am, sir," she answered, moving towards the door. "May I, madam, asked Sir George in a hurry,—may I be permitted to
admire

admire your collection of polyanthus's?"

"You are welcome, Sir, replied the lady; you will have the goodness to excuse my doing the honours of the garden. I wish you a good morning."

"I thank you, madam,—but without you—" but the lady had entered the house, and had shut the door gently, not rudely, and yet it was vastly rude to do so any way; and Sir George concluded that Miss Colerain, whatever she might possess of other accomplishments, had not that of politeness. A little angry, he turned his steps to the Falcon.

Mr. Lindsay was more than usually thoughtful at breakfast, and to Sir Georges's inquiry into the cause, he answered, that he had been amusing himself with a London paper, and saw himself attacked under the signature of Galgacus, for his last political pamphlet. If Sir George wished to see Miss Carlill, he begged to stay in
his

his apartment in order to digest his answer. Sir George consented, and went alone.

The conversation began upon the tablet, the ostensible business of the day. But, says Sir George, interrupting an observation of Miss Carlill, all that elegance denotes an extraordinary degree of politeness, and you know Miss Carlill, your friend is not polite.

Miss Carlill seemed surprized—after half a minute's pause, she said hast thou ever seen her otherwise?

“This morning,”—answered Sir George.

“Thou hast introduced thyself then? I should like to know the manner.”

“She was in her flower-garden, taking off some decayed leaves; I told her it was a fine morning, she said it was; I told her her polyanthus's were very pretty, and desired leave to admire

mire them ; this request, as far as regarded the polyanthus's, was granted ; but the moment I entered the garden, she entered the house ; the door was shut against me, and I was left to admire—what I could."

"Thou wert angry, no doubt, said Miss Carlill."

"Not much pleased, I own, Sir George replied. I could not help considering it rather as an abatement of the sum total of Miss Colerain's accomplishments."

"Thou judgest, Miss Carlill answered, as if there were no quality of any estimation but this politeness ; If it were worth the rout thou makest about it, I would tell thee there is not a politer woman on earth than Cornelia Colerain ; in my mind she has more than enough of it. But let me ask thee if six o'clock in the morning was the proper hour to shew it thee ?
alone

alone too? If politeness accuses, will not delicacy acquit her?"

"It seemed, Miss Carlill, said Sir George, more like apprehension than delicacy; yet I hope I have not the appearance of a footpad."

"No — answered Miss Carlill — thou hast rather the appearance of a fine young gentleman, a much more formidable being to Cornelia Cole-rain, than a footpad."

"Why so, Miss Carlill?"

"Perhaps her delicacy may be increased by misfortunes, and she may be more apprehensive than is necessary; there are libertines in Southampton as well as elsewhere. From the impertinence of one rich licentious young man, she has suffered much."

"Damn him!—" says Sir George, with tolerable emphasis—and a small glow upon his cheek.

Miss

Miss Carlill smiled and said, "For a lady who wants politeness, thou enterest into her interests, seemingly with a superabundant zeal."

"Zeal—Miss Carlill—zeal—Sir George replied, no—no zeal at all; I should like to do the young lady good indeed if I knew how, because—because—she may have some good qualities, and because—she is your friend, Miss Carlill."

"I thank thee. What doest thou think of her person. It has been thought handsome."

"She is very well, Miss Carlill, but I have seen taller women; however I do not want to depreciate her merit; I am sorry, quite sorry for her. What does she intend to do?"

"She has an intention, and one which does her honour, but I am not at liberty to mention it."

"Some view of establishment by marriage, I suppose."

"If

“ If thou canst guess no better, thou wilt not be resorted to as an oracle.”

“ Nay, I do not want to guess; she is her own mistress. Only, if her views were such as I could have assisted her in—”

“ Oh, thou wouldst find a great difference betwixt Cornelia Colerain, and Rebecca Carlill. She has no needle-work to sell.”

“ Too proud I suppose, to accept.”

“ Was not Miss Carlill once accustomed to give?”

“ Yes—too proud. I hope thou wilt pardon her, when thou considerest how much she has been accustomed to give?”

“ If thou delightest in similies, thou mayest compare my benevolence to the moon, Cornelia’s to the sun; I am moreover nine years older, have had some years to get rid of my pride, and a mother’s distresses to assist me.”

“ There

“There is more just judgment, Miss Carlill, in conforming to situation, as you have done, than in soaring above it.”

“Cornelia Colerain has that just judgment; her thoughts are humble, not soaring; but she prefers employment to indolence, labour to dependence.”

“Labour! Miss Colerain labour!” —says Sir George with eagerness, and rising to stride across the room.

“It is thou that art proud now; Cornelia Colerain does not consider industry as degrading.”

“Industry! says Sir George—the devil—what—will she take in cloaths to wash?”

Miss Carlill laughed outright. —

“Has thy honour, says she, no new shirts for her to make?”

“Well—answered Sir George—well, Miss Carlill—if you will not let me

me take an interest in your friend, I cannot help it."

"It is, says Miss Carlill, her fixed, —thou wilt call it her proud principle, —to be independent to the last hour of her life—if she can. Next to that, is to be obscure and unknown; and in some sequestered abode, to find a means of exchanging the products of some of the elegant arts, which have hitherto been her amusement, for the common and convenient necessities of life; her plan is arranged, but not yet ready for execution. Yet I fear, says Miss Carlill, sighing,—I fear I have an advertisement here, which will precipitate her into it before the time, and occasion her some unexpected difficulties."

"I almost wish, says Sir George, they may be insurmountable. But what is the advertisement?" She put into his hand the following hand-bill:

To

To be sold by auction, at the Falcon, at Combor, on the 31st day of August next, unless previously disposed of by private contract, of which due notice will be given; all that messuage standing and being upon Combor common, called the White House, with all its appurtenances, furniture, library of books, and about forty acres of land. Enquire of Mr. Merrick, attorney at law, Southampton.

Miss Colerain will shew the premises.

"Now it is about the middle of next month, continues Miss Carlill, her notice expires; in case the house had not been sold or taken, she might have hoped a few months longer indulgence. Now, she cannot expect it."

"By heaven! says Sir George, starting up—but—my dear Miss Carlill you must give me leave to wait

upon you to-morrow morning; I had almost forgot an engagement." "I wish thee a good day," says Miss Carlill—but, thought she—thou art subject to strange sudden emotions.

The sentiment which hurried Sir George away so rapidly, was not a sentiment of sorrow; it was one that made him tread lighter upon the earth, which made that earth seem elastic under his feet; in short, it was nothing more or less, than that he would go to Southampton, purchase these premises, and then—consider what he should do with them.

It is the will of heaven, I believe, that the volition of young men should direct their understandings; and it is happy if they are able to change this retrograde motion into its direct and proper course—when they are old.

"Was Sir George in love with Miss Colerain?" Of my twenty
5 thou-

thousand fair readers, nineteen thousand at least must have asked this question. I answer, no—dear ladies—no—he had not time.

“Then you would persuade us it was pure compassion?”

“Yes—dear ladies—yes.”

“We did not apprehend you were writing a romance; we know something of love, and something of pity, and we advise you not to make effects greater than their causes.”

Good! This is the philosophic age—of ladies.

C H A P. XVII.

LEAVING Mr. Lindsay to his pen, Sir George rode to Southampton, and with all the eagerness of

K 2

a young

a young man, and none of the subtilty of an old one, applied to Mr. Merrick, who did not want the proper wisdom of his profession. "You are Sir George Paradyne, says this gentleman, the son of Sir Jeffery Paradyne. I knew Sir Jeffery, a most worthy gentleman as any in *Surry*; ay,—his was a sad catastrophe—but we are all liable to accidents by wind and by water. Pray, Sir George, how long is it since?" "Six months," Sir George replied. "Yes—time flies; I read it in the papers; his next heir was said to be a minor; wrong informed there, I suppose?"

"No, Mr. Merrick," Sir George answered, "I still want a few months of being of age."

"I fear then, the business you came about cannot be pursued; a minor cannot purchase; this did not occur to you, Sir George?"

"It

“ It did not, Mr. Merrick ; is the difficulty not to be got over ? ”

“ If it was my own affair, I should not, says the attorney, make the least scruple, I should have full confidence in your honour ; but we are not allowed to run risques for clients.”

“ Well, says Sir George, if it cannot be done, we must rest it where it is ; I am sorry, for I wished to serve Miss Colerain.”

“ You are acquainted with Miss Colerain ? ”

“ I have scarce seen her, answered Sir George ; but I have heard of her distress, and wish to remove a part of it.”

“ I wish, says Mr. Merrick, I wish gentlemen of your fortune, had generally more of your benevolence. Miss Colerain is a most worthy young lady, and has been rather ungenteelly used by the commissioners ; but I know the cause ; it has been all at the in-

stigation of one Claverly, a merchant here, a creditor of old Colerain's, but who hated him because he had refused him his daughter; the fact was, the young lady did not like him; he was rich too—but she did not like him. Well—that is over and past. There is a way Sir George, but perhaps you will not like it.”

“ Let me know it, Mr. Merrick.”

“ I will purchase of the heirs, and you purchase of me; and as is customary, deposit in my hands, ten per cent. of the purchase money, for a forfeit, in case the purchase is not made good on your side, when you have completed your twenty-first year. It is true, there will be double writings, but that is a trifle, not worth Sir George Paradyne's consideration.”

“ I agree to it, Mr. Merrick, answered Sir George; supposing that the premises shall be considered as mine;

mine ; and no one exercise any authority over them whatever."

" The premises, replied Mr. Merrick, shall be considered as yours from this day, and no one shall presume to exercise authority over any thing within, or any thing without ; a condition to which you yourself must also be bound, till you have legal possession."

" Agreed, Sir George answered. What then is the purchase money ?" Observe, Mr. Merrick, I consider you in this affair as my agent, as well as the seller. I leave the price and every other circumstance totally to you."

Mr. Merrick knew very well that the common want of young men was prudence, and that that was most durable which was dearest bought; he had therefore determined to sell him a portion of it for five hundred pounds; but this appeal, which Sir George at once made as it were, to his

honour, sunk it in an instant to four hundred; and at that price above two thousand pounds which an honest valuer had put upon it, was the bargain struck. Could an honest man do more? Sir George had luckily bank notes sufficient for the deposit, which he paid; and ordering the conveyances to be made, which Mr. Merrick thought necessary, he took his leave.

CHAP. XVIII.

AT ten the next morning, he took alone the road to Miss Carlill's. Upon the common, near the door of his new purchase, was a servant walking

ing two horses saddled; without thinking much of it, he was passing by, when the sash was instantly thrown up, and he was called by his name; he hastened to the door which was opened by a maid servant, seemingly much frightened. A man's voice in the parlour, said, "I insist on seeing Miss Colerain." "I tell thee," says a female voice, which Sir George knew was Miss Carlill's, "I tell thee again thou can'st not, she is not well enough to attend thee."

"Mere female caprice and perverseness; I have questions to ask which only she can answer," says the gentleman.

"Ask thy questions, says Miss Carlill; I will repeat them to her and bring thee answers."

"That will not do, replied the man; I am referred to by public advertisement, and I will see her."

Sir George was now in the room.

Miss Carlill sprung to him, saying I am glad to see thee; here is neighbour Claverly, from Southampton; he is obstinate to-day, and rather rude; his business is to see the premises, and nothing will serve him but he will see Cornelia Colerain."

"Against her will?" says Sir George.

"What is that to you, sir?" says Mr. Claverly, fiercely.

"Nothing at all, answers Sir George, except the concern one gentleman is apt to feel, when another does not act like one."

"I imagine, says Mr. Claverly, I know what belongs to a gentleman as well as you; I fear no man, and do not chuse to be made a fool of even by a lady. I apply to Miss Colerain, upon the faith of a public advertisement; she was to shew the premises, she only can shew them properly."

"Neighbour Claverly, says Miss Car-

Carlill, Cornelia Colerain was not consulted respecting the advertisement; she does not choose to obey its dictates; and who has a right to force her to compliance?"

"I believe, answered Claverly, the hardest lesson on earth for a woman to learn is humility."

"Dost not think, says Miss Carlill, it is as hard for a man to learn good manners?"

"I am not come hither only on a fool's errand, says Claverly, to lose my time for the indulgence of Miss Colerain's pride, but I must submit also to the *thee* and *thou* pertness of a female quaker."

"Thou hast only to walk forth, and thou art rid of it, answered Miss Carlill."

"No—I will stay by G—, if it be only to plague thee."

"I think, Mr. Claverly, said Sir George, the manners of the times re-

quire something of more civility and attention to ladies; but to cut short this dispute, and all pretence for your remaining here, be pleased to know, this house is not now on sale."

"Who are you, Sir?"

"I am the purchaser, Mr. Claverly; if you chuse to take the trouble of enquiry, Mr. Merrick will satisfy you."

"I have a right, sir, to suppose it unfold, till it is publicly contradicted; said Claverly."

"You have sir, Sir George answered; but what other right do you build upon this? not that surely of disturbing Miss Colerain, or insulting Miss Carlill."

"Is it your doughty arm that is to defend them if I should? I beg leave to congratulate the ladies on a champion of such prowess."

"I have no right to force you out of the house, Mr. Claverly, said Sir George,

George, Miss Colerain has the sole right; but give me leave to invite you out of it."

"With all my heart, answered Claverly."

"No—no—no—says Miss Carlill, holding Sir George's arm."

"Do not be alarmed, dear Miss Carlill, said Sir George; I only invite Mr. Claverly to a friendly expostulation. I have no weapons of offence, nor I presume has he."

"I do not know that," says the terrified Miss Carlill, still holding Sir George,"

"Oh, says Claverly, this is a league I see, offensive and defensive; I must now congratulate you, sir; seven bull hides are a less potent shield than a petticoat."

"It is well, Mr. Claverly, says Sir George, I attend you. My dear Miss Carlill, I must give myself the pleasure to hear in what language Mr. Claverly

verly talks only to gentlemen; before ladies, his stile is the stile valiant."

Sir George had gently broke from Miss Carlill, and was going out of the room when Miss Colerain entered it; she passed Sir George with a courtesy, and advancing with a graceful and dignified resentment, spoke in this manner: "In every situation of life, I find I am to be obliged to Mr. Claverly; I know not for what cause he should single me out for persecution, but much desire to know?"

"I am ready, Miss Colerain, says Claverly, to give you any explanation you require, but I chuse to give it to you only."

"I never, replied Miss Colerain, I never can have any connection with Mr. Claverly, of which I wish the world to be ignorant; I had rather there were more, than fewer auditors."

"The subject on which I request
your

your attention, madam, says Claverly, requires none but yourself."

"Is it, Mr. Claverly, to repeat the kind and liberal offer you had the goodness to make me by letter, the day after my aunt's interment?"

"It is extremely odd, madam, said Claverly, you should chuse to speak upon a subject of confidence before strangers."

"I do chuse it however, answered Miss Colerain; it was an honourable offer, you thought it generous also. considering, as you were pleased to say, circumstances; of that species of honour and generosity I own myself no judge. When I was supposed to be rich, Mr. Claverly offered me his hand; now I am poor, and consequently contemptible, he offers me his —heart—and a comfortable maintenance, and money in my purse; could you wish such generosity to be unknown? and — oh, Mr. Claverly —
what

what a time did you chuse for this generous proposal? my aunt — my mother — my only remaining relation — my sole support on earth — to whom I gave, as she deserved, all my affection — four days before, died in my arms. Misfortune had sunk me beneath the world's notice; this was the interesting period you chose for sinking me beneath my own. Had you been as dear to me as the strongest affection ever made man dear to woman, such an offer — I hope at any time — certainly at such a time — must have rendered you the object of my detestation; so — Mr. Claverly — for the first and last time — permit me to say — so you are to me."

"Of your detestation, Miss Cole-rain?"

"I would not unnecessarily repeat harsh words, but I desire so to speak that I may cut off for ever, all expectation that there can ever exist the
least

least possible connection betwixt you and me."

" Might I not presume, madam, says Claverly, curling his nose, and smiling a malignant smile, might I not presume you would honour me with your hand, were I to renew my original proposal. Your prudence, madam, might not it engage you to lay aside your de—test—a—tion?"

" Every thing you say, Mr. Claverly, adds to my contempt of you. I beg we may end the conversation. Be assured there is nothing you can offer, I can or will accept."

" You carry it with a damned high hand, Miss Colerain; that pride must be great indeed, which ruin cannot humble. I fancy I have contributed no small sum to its growth."

" Fie, Mr. Claverly!" says Sir George, with glowing cheeks, " is this the language of a gentleman to a lady?"

" Sir

"Sir George Paradyne, says Miss Colerain, shall I entreat the favour of your company along with Miss Carlill? Fidel, you will attend Mr. Claverly."

"Do—Sir George Paradyne—attend the lady. It is a safe and honourable post."

"Safe!" says Sir George, laying his hand instinctively where his sword would have been, had he been full dressed, then recollecting himself, he said—"Honourable I am sure it is, and I accept it with pleasure. I attend you, madam."

"The commissioners meet tomorrow, said Claverly, for the final settlement of your father's affairs; shall I inform them of your exalted notion, and your powerful alliance with Sir George Paradyne?"

"Base and unmanly insult! says Sir George, low to Claverly."

"Stop, my angry boy;" says the other

other, putting himself in the doorway, Miss Colerain and Miss Carlill having already gone out, Sir George, without an instant of hesitation, seized him with both hands by the collar, and giving him a hearty shake, threw him from him into the middle of the hall, and then walked quietly after the ladies.

Whether Mr. Claverly did not like the muscular strength Sir George had exerted, or was come to a more gentlemanly sense of things, I know not, but after a few imprecations, and those not very loud, he mounted his horse and rode away.

Miss Colerain had thrown herself breathless and almost fainting upon a sofa, and when she had turned her eyes upon Sir George, they were filled with the tears of sensibility and gratitude; Sir George requested she would dismiss her fear.

“For myself, she answered, I have; but for you, Sir George—I know not
what

what consequences your kind interposition may have drawn upon you. The character of Mr. Claverly is bold and brutal."

"Sir George replied to Miss Colerain—he hoped she would honour him so far as to lay aside her apprehensions; a man who could bluster in the presence of ladies, and insult them—could such a man be feared?"

"Oh, replies Miss Colerain, he values himself upon his courage, tho' I believe it has not yet been put to the proof; lest it should, I am told he fences daily, and shoots at a mark."

"No more, amiable Miss Colerain, no more of a man who takes such pains to manufacture valour. Do me the honour to think, a man whom you despise so justly, cannot inspire me with fear."

"It is not always that those who are most incapable of fear, are safest from brutality;" said Miss Colerain.

"Gene-

“ Generally, I should think they were, Sir George replied; but let me conclude this topic, with assuring Miss Colerain, that any essential service she will permit me to do her, will be a remembrance of the most pleasing kind.”

Miss Colerain could only bow to this; she was too much affected to be able to speak. Sir George directly changed the conversation, in which Miss Colerain was not in spirits to bear a considerable share; what she said, however, was so said, that Sir George wished only to hear; but he soon perceived that in her present state of mind, desultory conversation seemed to afford her no pleasure, and concluding that she wished to be alone with her friend, he rose to take leave. In doing this, he said, with a respectful air of tenderness, “ I hope Miss Colerain will not find it disagreeable that I have purchased these premises; I know

know not in what language Miss Carlill could have told me the tale of your misfortunes, without inspiring me with respect for your virtues. I feared, lest by the hasty sale according to advertisement, you might be precipitated into some disagreeable or inconvenient situation; I agreed therefore with Mr. Merrick, that handbills should be this morning distributed at Southampton, to give notice that the purchase was made, and also in the papers; I intreat therefore you will be perfectly at ease; take all the time you wish for consideration, the premises are yours as long as you please—and if you please for ever.”

Miss Colerain only bowed to this; a hectic of a moment flushed her cheek, and was succeeded instantly by a morbid paleness; she seemed almost to faint—when Sir George hastily withdrew.

As a natural philosopher, the irritabilities

ritabilities—I believe politeness requires I should say, sensibilities—of the ladies, have made no inconsiderable part of the study of a life devoted to their service; but I find that the beautiful matter of which they are composed, has properties — essences I mean—which I cannot discover; unless one looks physiologically into the matter, there seems little difficulty for the paleness of a lady seized with sudden fear; but that kindness, generosity, should have effects marked by the same exterior symptom! Dear irreconcilables! dear inexplicables! henceforwards I study mathematics only.

C H A P. XIX.

SIR George Paradyne left the common, with two emotions more than any confirmed stoick would have permitted the entrance of into his bosom—anger and pity—Miss Colerain the cause, remote or proximate, of both. If the brutal image of Claverly presented itself to his imagination, it was quickly followed by that of Miss Colerain, accosting the savage with a dignity that gave a higher character to beauty; her firm calm tone of contempt, expressed at once a mind intrepid and untainted. She was not lovely only, she was great.

Sir

Sir George had not yet communicated to Mr. Lindsay the business of the preceding day at Southampton; though he was certain the action had for its basis the pure principles of benevolence, he was conscious of a degree of precipitancy in it; nor could he be positive that he could clearly prove to his friend, either the wisdom of it, or the necessity; he must know, however, and Sir George prefaced the intelligence by the scene of the morning, in which the beauty, grace, and dignity of Miss Colerain were by no means forgot.

When the narration was compleat, Sir George had the mortification to find Mr. Lindsay look grave, and not answer. Sir George asked if he had the misfortune to incur his disapprobation? Mr. Lindsay replied, that although Sir George had repeatedly requested him to assume the friend whenever he had occasion for advice;

when admonition, the tutor; the latter office was too disagreeable to be taken up except on extraordinary occasions. There was, however, no possibility of appreciating human actions justly, without a knowledge of the motives. Many splendid actions were the offspring of ostentation; charity herself was sometimes only the handmaid of vanity.

Sir George was eager to interrupt him. "Dear Lindsay, he said, why reflections of this nature?" How is it possible to suppose, in this case, any other motives than pity and compassion?"

"It is possible notwithstanding, Mr. Lindsay replied; very powerful motives sometimes enter at the eyes." Smiling he said this.

"I declare, dear Lindsay, said Sir George, if I know my own heart——"

"Oh

“Oh—nothing more easy,” replied Lindsay.

“Pshaw! says Sir George, I am confident it was nothing but the absolute distress of Miss Colerain which excited me; what, I ask you, could beauty do, so little seen?”

“Oh, nothing,”—Mr. Lindsay answered,—“Nothing. I give you credit for the purest benevolence that ever warmed the heart of man. Simple benevolence, unmixed with baser matter. Had a man—a boy—an old woman—been the object, instead of Miss Colerain, there is not the shadow of a doubt but you would have done the same, and with equal expedition.”

“Pshaw! Lindsay—no—damn it—no, Lindsay—I do not feel myself quite so perfect neither—” Sir George replied. “But tell me now—do you really, and in your heart, disapprove what I have done?”

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“No,”

“No,” — Mr. Lindsay said; —
“No, — Sir George — not in my
heart, it is only in my head.”

C H A P. XX.

I DO not mean that conversations ended where I end them. No; should I detail all the antique morality of Mr. Lindsay, what good purpose could it answer, except that of laying my fair readers to sleep, whilst they read? I give only specimens; and in spite of vanity I can be made to believe, that nobody will desire more.

Our gentlemen, having gone thro’
the customary morning exercises sat
down

down to dinner, which they usually seasoned with gaiety; but to-day an invincible thoughtfulness had seized Mr. Lindsay, proceeding even to abstraction. Sir George went out unperceived, and having stayed half an hour, he found the fit not ended.

“Where,” says he, giving Mr. Lindsay a slap on the shoulder, “where has thy soul taken its flight?”

Lindsay starting answered, “To the field of honour. Do not you expect to hear from Mr. Claverly, Sir George?”

“Undoubtedly,” Sir George answered, “I do.”

“And will you meet him, Sir George?”

“Can you doubt it, Lindsay?”

“I could wish, Mr. Lindsay replied, to doubt it; I could wish to see the day when magnanimity was founded upon the sense of right, not

upon the sense of the vague term, honour."

"Pray tell me, Lindsay, how can I avoid meeting Mr. Claverly, if he is genteel enough to ask it?"

"By a simple refusal," answered Mr. Lindsay.

"Yes," said Sir George, "and see myself posted in town and country coffee-houses; kicked, or ready to be kicked out of every society; affronted in conversation; insulted by big looks; pulled by the nose by every great and small coxcomb who wears a sword."

"Suppose —" Mr. Lindsay asked, "you kill your man?"

"The world will be rid of a troublesome fellow?"

"Suppose he kills you?"

"He annihilates a cypher."

"My dear Sir George," said Lindsay, "I perceive your sole view has been fixed upon certain supposed consequences

quences here ; of consequences elsewhere you have not seemed to reflect."

"Lindsay," replied Sir George, "I know them not; nor you neither. Duellists are said to act against divine and human laws ; but juries feel the sense of injured honour, and human laws sleep, or become harmless ; nor is it probable that heaven will punish this noble feeling very severely."

"If divines are right, you are wrong," Mr. Lindsay answered ;— "but you mistook my meaning ; I only wanted to direct your view, which seemed to rest upon consequences to yourself only—to mere human injuries. What think you of unprotected, unsupported widows and orphans ? What think you of making fathers, mothers, sisters, wretched ?"

"I think not of it. No man can think of it. His attention is

necessarily confined to the warm sensation glowing for himself."

"It is said to have been a question at some of our town academies, whether it would be better for a true christian to be pulled by the nose from Dover to the Orknies, or to have killed his man?"

"I," said Sir George, "whatsoever might be the decision of your academies, in such a situation, should have killed every man who had applied himself to my nose, if every yard had produced a man, frankly, willingly, greedily."

"Your zeal is not lukewarm in this honourable cause," said Mr. Lindsay; "it should seem you would not bear the contempt of man—even for heaven."

"When you have demonstrated that heaven will be the certain reward," Sir George replied, "I will think of that question; till then, or
till

till I find it no longer the indelible attribute of a gentleman, I must go with the current. To strong feelings, arguments will be always opposed in vain."

"And yet, my dear Sir George, arguments have been often applied to change the feelings of mankind; have succeeded sometimes, and man has been the better for it: this might be the case here."

"Set about it, philosopher," said Sir George; "and when you have made a decent progress in this grand change, I will become a disciple; but in arranging your argumentations, do not, as polemics usually do — play at hide and seek."

"How is that, Sir George?"

"Hide all the good arguments which oppose you, and seek the bad ones."

"Of good arguments in favour of duelling, I know only one. It is

L 5

that,

that, were it not for this apprehension, society would be exposed to the insults, mockeries, bravadoes of every scoundrel who could combine courage with rudeness; and that half a dozen members annually cut off, is a cheap purchase of the peace of the whole community."

"Can you deny it, Lindsay?" Sir George asked.

"I can question it, Sir George," replied Lindsay. "This point of honour, which all who reason upon it consider as savage, and derived from savage ancestors, is dependant for its support, only upon a mode of thinking. Were it essentially necessary for the peace of society, how subsisted the polished Greeks and brave Romans without it? how subsist, at this day, the European Turks, and all the Asiatics? how, the middle and lower ranks of our own people? Is their peace disturbed by the want of this
polite

polite barbarism? or are their societies much stigmatized for rude behaviour? No. It is alone the all accomplished Christian—European—Gentleman—on whom is bestowed this flattering compliment.”

“ That it does not subsist necessarily,” I speak of duelling, continued Mr. Lindsay, “ I am well convinced; nor to abolish it altogether, does any thing seem necessary, but a change in our habits of thought. Were it the fashion to mark the aggressor with contempt, indecency of behaviour would be destroyed. If every small, as well as every large society, would but consider such an offence against an individual, as one against itself—farewell duelling. But valour, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.” What I dare do, I dare defend.” This is the magic, or its ape, effrontery, which keeps this part of our civilization at so wretched a distance. Spirit is so

L 6 animating,

animating, so alluring, that in its favour, injury and injustice find pardon and defenders. I weary you, Sir George."

"I agree to it," Sir George answered; "you are throwing away, upon a solitary individual, that wisdom which should convert half a world; save it dear Lindsay; I can only exhibit to your wondering eyes, the triumph of feeling, over reason."

"Alas!" says Lindsay, "you are not solitary in this."

CHAP. XXI.

IN the cool of the evening, Sir George took a walk to the common, intending to enquire of Miss Carlill how her fair friend did; she had not yet left Miss Colerain's; so Sir George was obliged to call himself, or remain unsatisfied. Miss Colerain in very polite and sweet terms, thanked him for his kind attention to her, but without hinting at particulars. After this they entered into general conversation.

Hitherto,

Hitherto, Sir George knew little of the composition of Miss Colerain's mind; he was indeed perfectly satisfied, that from the hands of nature, the dear sex come equally qualified with men for solid attainments; but he feared that novels, cards, and fashion, said—though I do not believe it—to be the prevailing fabricators of ladies minds, make them of shreds, soft indeed, and light, and glossy, but of no strong continuity of web. These unpolite satyrists do allow, that there are exceptions; and Sir George had reason to believe Miss Colerain was one.

In attending Miss Carlill home, Sir George, who began to feel more and more Miss Colerain's perfections, was fluent in her praise. “And much I wonder, says he, that of the numerous acquaintance, one so lovely, so accomplished, must have had, no superior mind should be found of her own sex,

to

to whom fortune has given abilities, and nature a heart, who would step forward on such an occasion, to protect so fair a flower, and to whom Miss Colerain would not blush to be obliged."

"Thou thinkest then," said Miss Carlill, "she must have been a favourite with her own sex?"

"I cannot doubt it," Sir George answered.

"Must this be for her beauty, or her great endowments?" the fair quaker asked.

Sir George replied, "certainly for both."

"In time," said Miss Carlill, "thou wilt know our sex better; but I must set thee right in a few particulars. Cornelia Colerain was not perfect; she was singular, and singularity thou knowest is imperfection."

"Not always," Sir George replied.

"I have read some novels, and
some

some other books, which assure me of it," said Miss Carlill.

"One may be assured," answered Sir George, "without being convinced. I shall judge better however, when I know these imperfections."

"What dost thou think," said Miss Carlill, "of a woman always well dressed, without paying regard to fashion? is it not a phenomenon?"

"I confess I have never yet seen it," said Sir George.

"Cornelia Colerain," said Miss Carlill, "always consulted her own taste. I confess I do not know the elements on which she grounded it, but it satisfied the men and disturbed the women; I think it was a sort of medium between our simplicity, and the unsimplicity, I hope thou understandest me, of the general modes. But this was not all, she was not content with disregarding fashion, but she disregarded fashionable folks also; especially

pecially the misses who have no other discourse. Add to this, that she neglected too much the routine of visits; that she loved books better than cards; and that she never was so happy as when she was buried alive, as they called it, on Combor heath. Could these things please? are there many mothers who would chuse to place Cornelia Colerain by the side of their daughters? or would like to pay for being convinced of their own inferiority? Besides, Cornelia has the humour of owing obligation to nobody; I am speaking of her imperfections, thou knowest. Thyself perhaps, has obliged her too much."

"Indeed!" says Sir George. "Pray Miss Carlill did she say any thing of this kind?"

"Why, she did ask me," Miss Carlill replied, "whether I knew Sir George Paradyne? whether it was common for young gentlemen to be
so

so ready to oblige strangers? in short, whether I met with no objection in my own mind, to imputing such kindness to pure beneficence?"

"Your answer, dear Miss Carlill?"

"I was obliged to confess I knew thee only by report; and that was in thy favour. As far as I knew thee personally, I thought thee gentle, benevolent, and romantic."

"Could you not have spared the last, dear madam?" Sir George asked.

"One should not spare the truth, thou knowest," Miss Carlill replied.

"So then," said Sir George, "I have been suspected by Miss Cole-rain of—of impertinence—and God knows what beside?"

"Caution," Miss Carlill answered, "is not always suspicion. Would it be in character with Cornelia Cole-rain to accept obligations, without troubling

troubling herself to whom, or to what kind of people she owes them?—men too?”

“I own,” Sir George said, “it would not.”

Being now arrived at Mrs. Carlill's door, Sir George took leave, and turned his ruminating step toward the Falcon.

C H A P. XXII.

AS it was not in Miss Colerain's nature to be rude or capricious, she could not sternly forbid the occasional calls of Sir George Paradyne, especially as he was usually accompanied by Miss Carlill. Ten days had

had produced a friendly and agreeable intimacy; and such was the correct behaviour, so lively the wit, and so great the power of pleasing, which Sir George really possessed, that the rigid delicacy of Miss Colerain could find nothing exceptionable in his visits—except the visits themselves. She too had her power of pleasing; and they did please Sir George to such a degree, that he forgot he was a traveller, and was in danger of forgetting that he was the son of Lady Mary Paradyne, the nephew of Lord Aufchamp, and twenty other things very essential to be remembered by all men of rank and fortune; in short, he was in love.

But Mr. Lindsay had not the same cause for abbreviation of memory. He had frequently given hints concerning loss of time; Sir George could not entertain the idea, that time so well spent could be lost. Mr. Lindsay found

it necessary to proceed to expostulation, and he began it by wondering why Sir George should burthen himself with the expence of a man so useless to him.

"Useless! dear Lindsay," said Sir George, "what new thing has entered your imagination?"

"I own I am uneasy with the idea of my own inutility," said Lindsay. "Then you are weary of me," replied Sir George.

"No—" Mr. Lindsay answered; "No—I am only weary of being insignificant."

"Why you should think so, my dear Lindsay," said Sir George, "I know not; but this I know, that I repose with perfect confidence upon your friendship, am sensible of my own inexperience, and foresee on my entrance into life, a thousand occasions for availing myself of yours. In short, it is you who must be my guide; it
is

is you who must point out the way I am to go."

"Am I also," said Lindsay, "to tell you the way you ought not to go?"

"Without doubt," Sir George replied, "the minor you know is contained in the major."

"Then," said Mr. Lindsay, with a smile, "in my humble opinion, you ought not to take the ^{way} ~~road~~ so often to Combor common."

"It is clean," said Sir George, returning the smile, "and pleasant."

"Oh," replied Lindsay, "a perfect path of roses; but roses have thorns."

"I see," said Sir George, "you are afraid of Miss Colerain; afraid I should contaminate my greatness, no doubt, by committing the foul crime of matrimony with the child of poverty and misfortune."

"Sir George," replied Lindsay, with a more serious air, "you know
how

how these things are generally considered; I own, I would not willingly you should give an early impression against yourself, by an act, certainly not prudent; nor, though I have no ambition to stand high in the opinion of Lord Aufchamp, I should ~~not~~ wish to be execrated by him, or by Lady Mary Paradyne, as I shall be if I am supposed the friend, with whose concurrence you acted. Besides, Sir George, when I had the honour to assist in forming your plan of life for the next seven years, you declared your intention in the most decided terms, of adhering strictly to what we had agreed upon."

"I do so still, Lindsay," Sir George replied. "But, added he gaily, does the plan necessarily exclude love?"

"Love—" Mr. Lindsay replied—"would probably exclude it. Not that a man in love may not talk, or travel,

travel; or for ought I know, be a minister of state. But it usually happens, that under the auspices of this idle and voluptuous deity, the nobler faculties of the mind are lost."

"You forget, Lindsay, the Cymon's of the world," said Sir George.

"You, Sir George," Mr. Lindsay replied, "you want no powers of mind, nor any powers, to give you a full title to the possession of miss Cole-rain; you may marry and be happy; for this, you need not an atom more of knowledge than you already possess. But let not two incompatible desires invade you at once. The love of women and the love of fame lead to different things; no one knows better than myself, how fatal love, as a passion, is to manly exertion. If you can quietly resign the desire of superior esteem — superior consideration — do — it is well; but do not retain the desire, and lose the power of mak-

ing those acquisitions which can alone insure them."

"You are right, dear Lindsay," answered Sir George; "no—I have still the ambition of making a better figure in the world, than can be made by an embroidered coat, or a splendid coach. The pleasure I feel in Miss Colerain's company—for it is only pleasure, Lindsay, not fascination—I must resolve to give up, lest it become a habit and cost me too dear. Yes; I will take leave of the ladies soon. Before we go, we will give a dinner to Mr. Holford, to Mr. Ward, the apothecary, and to the two gentlemen with whom we have got an acquaintance upon the bowling-green—and then steer our course to the North."

CHAP. XXIII.

IT may be now expedient to take a peep into the gentle bosom of Miss Colerain. How far she has offended against the laws, in such cases made and provided, by permitting the visits of Sir George Paradyne, is not for me to judge; this office belongs to that part of my twenty thousand fair readers, who have no longer any thing to hope or fear from love; whose judgments must therefore be unclouded and impartial. To this awful court, I would only plead in mitigation of sentence, the gratitude

a mind like Miss Colerain's must feel, at becoming the object of Sir George's attentive benevolence, at a time, when distress had accumulated around her, and no friendly hand was stretched out to her relief.

At such a time, would it be surprising, or fix an indelible stain upon her, if, when gratitude had opened the door, love should have stolen in, and nestled somewhere about the heart? So I fear it was, however.

It is true, the moment she felt the attack of this treacherous deity, she ought to have sat down to the serious consideration of the nature of mankind; she ought to have reflected sedately upon the versatility of young men; of the pride of the rich and great; and of the small probability there was, that Sir George should be a phoenix or a black swan. This is, no doubt, what all young ladies have

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done,

done, or will do—provided they have time.

Although I desire no more than twenty thousand fair readers, who shall be the handsomest, discreetest, best, in the realm of England, yet have I some doubt, whether I shall be able to make up the whole charming number of those, who, when love sparkled in the eyes of their lovers, and languished in their own, did find time to go into the prudential question, *cui bono*? who, when the words which fell from a lover's lips, were soft, sweet, and tender, were eager to analyze them, and to enquire with precision, if they were also words of honour and of truth? at least, at the time I am now speaking of, it is to be doubted if Miss Colerain had advanced very far in such an analysis.

It is indeed very true, that Sir George had hitherto made no declaration—except with his eyes. In the
com-

common and orderly course of things, words soon follow. Miss Colerain had expected them, and was prepared, though she apprehended it would add to her misery, to give a decided negative. She reasoned, when she did reason, thus: Sir George Paradyne is young, warm, animated, and benevolent. If he loves me, though it would form my highest felicity to be the cause of his, it would be most ungenerous to take advantage of his youthful ardor, and clog his fairer prospects with a wife, poor, unfriended, and even with some stain of infamy upon her; for mankind, in forming its opinions, will too often punish children, not for the sins only, but for the misfortunes of their fathers. By his relations and friends, I shall be considered as an unprincipled and insidious creature; and who knows, when the bandage which love has tied over his eyes, is taken off, how I may be

regarded by Sir George himself. To marry me, would be a manifest mark of his imprudence ; and surely imprudence is no good foundation to build happiness upon. I should trust my happiness to a man whom I scarce knew, who has all the eager impetuosity of youth, whose propensities indeed seem virtues ; but how oft' has seeming virtue been discovered to be real vice ? how oft' has benevolence been the pander to illegal desires ?

I risque then by a marriage with Sir George Paradyne now, supposing marriage to be his intention — his happiness, and my own. This is quite too much. No, I cannot, ought not, will not hear him upon this subject. Perhaps he will say I am stubborn, capricious, and that I sacrifice to false delicacy. From his judgment now, I will appeal to his judgment when a few years more have matured it. If at twenty-five he confirms

firms the affection he honoured me with at twenty, it will be a proof of its solidity, and a prognostic of future happiness. If not, I may fairly presume possession would have been as fatal to it as absence; and what greater cause of misery to woman, than the lost affections of a beloved husband?

Miss Carlill, who assisted at these reasonings, did not entirely agree in sentiment with her friend; she thought the probable contingences lay on the other side of the question; that a marriage with Miss Colerain was likely to prevent the aberrations of Sir George Paradyne, and that so splendid an establishment for her friend, was not to be refined away, on the ground of barely probable contingences; but all the arguments of this strenuous friend, could not prevail upon Miss Colerain to lay aside her delicate apprehensions.

It flowed from Miss Colerain's

reasoning, that her present situation was not favourable to the preservation of character, and she determined to change it.

It is, I believe, easier to resolve upon a measure imposed by hard necessity against inclination, than to execute it. Miss Colerain resolved from day to day; Sir George did the same regarding his own departure; and once a day at least, paid her a visit, with an intention to press a farther benefaction upon her; and to bid her adieu. For the first, he never could find a sufficiently delicate expression, and for the last, he never could find a heart.

Miss Colerain hitherto had had no stimulus for the execution of her resolve, but what she had drawn from within. Now she acquired one from without, in the following manner:

The reverend Mr. Holford called upon her one morning, and after due salu-

salutations began thus: "I am afraid, Miss Colerain, that you may think me impertinently officious in what I am about to say; but you must know, madam, that I think it the duty of every good clergyman, to be attentive to the spiritual good of all his parishioners, and also to the temporal, when it leads to spiritual concerns, and that he ought to exhort, advise, console, or admonish, as occasions may offer."

Miss Colerain never had a profound veneration for Mr. Holford, and his behaviour, when she accompanied her friend to the tea visit, mentioned before, had not increased it. There was a time, still fresh in the memory of Miss Colerain, when Mr. Holford's adulation was as much at her service almost, as at Miss Haubert's. With her fortune, she lost this valuable possession also. The quick and evident alteration could not but

be remarked, and he remarked with contempt. She did not therefore hear this exordium, with all the humility which becomes young ladies to their spiritual pastor; so that when Mr. Holford paused for a moment in expectation of Miss Colerain's reply—or rather her assent—she only said—“and for which of these purposes has Mr. Holford taken the trouble to call upon me now?”

“It is, madam, and I am sorry to say it, for the purpose of admonition.” Miss Colerain started; and after a moment said, “good sir, were you called upon?”

“I perceive,” says Mr. Holford, “you are of the opinion of those, who think it is not the province of a clergyman, more than of any other person, to intrude his advise, or whatever else it may be, unasked; but give me leave to tell you, madam, that those people know little of the
clerical

clerical institution. It is our sacred function not only to advise, but even to control to virtue. Formerly, the church was armed with salutary powers for this beneficial purpose; now, unhappily for mankind, taken away by pride, power, and corruption."

"Is it," Miss Colerain asked, "is it in order to control me to virtue, Mr. Holford, you now take all this trouble?"

"I hope, madam, I shall not need to go beyond persuasion," answered Mr. Holford.

"I hope," said Miss Colerain, "you will not need to go so far, and I shall be much obliged to you to be brief and explicit."

"I shall so, madam," said Mr. Holford, "for I perceive my admonitions are not likely to be taken in good part: A gentleman from Southampton dined with me yesterday, and he informed me that you, madam, made

made up the principal conversation of that idle town."

"In what manner, sir," Miss Colerain asked.

"They are the frequent visits of Sir George Paradyne, madam, which have excited observation."

"Probably,"—said Miss Colerain, with a sigh.

"And the report is, madam, that you have entered into terms with him."

"Terms, sir!" said Miss Colerain.

"Not, madam," continued the parson, "that I have any thing to say, particularly, against Sir George Paradyne; nor am I so ignorant of the world as not to know that gentlemen do form such connections very often; neither am I so illiberal as to suppose, that if such connection be honourably adhered to, according to
the

the terms, that it is unpardonable in the sight of God."

"No, Sir?" said Miss Colerain, with astonished simplicity.

"No, madam; Mr. Madan has corrected some false ideas on this head, and proved, that what God allowed to the Patriarchs, though now wrong, cannot be eternally reprobated by his justice and mercy."

"If you are offering this for my consolation, Mr. Holford," said Miss Colerain, it is unnecessary."

"It may be necessary, madam, for you to think of it hereafter," said Mr. Holford. "At present, you may be full of the bliss of the connection, but that cannot last; the illusion of the senses will vanish, and then——"

"What then, Sir?" Miss Colerain asked.

"You will then want the consolations of wisdom, madam," answered Mr. Holford.

"And

“ And where can I have them, Sir ?” said Miss Colerain.

“ I offer you, madam, my friendship and good services.”

“ To what purpose, Sir ?”

“ I am not, madam, a rigid censor of the private failings of human nature ; neither am I insensible to the charms of beauty, but I think always, the utmost external decency and decorum ought to be preserved, for the sake of good example to the lower classes—and—”

“ This,” said Miss Colerain, rising from her seat, “ this, from a clergyman, and married !—you have still ideas which ought to be corrected ; assuredly, I am not the person you have done me the honour to suppose I am ; nor will I make terms with Sir George Paradyne, even for the friendship and consolations of the reverend Mr. Holford, to whom I have the honour of wishing

wishing a good morning." On saying this, Miss Colerain left the room.

The parson was angry, very angry; the kindness he intended to shew Miss Colerain—to be thus received—and by a person, of whose lapse from virtue, notwithstanding her hints of innocence, he had, as he imagined, the fullest proofs. It was however the day on which he was to dine at the Falcon, by Sir George's invitation, an honourable gentleman, who along with the invitation had sent him a dozen of wine. It was not in his nature to be angry at such a gentleman, for a peccadillo, not strictly moral indeed, but countenanced by the times.

High spirited and conscious of innocence as Miss Colerain was, she felt, notwithstanding, the full force of her unhappy and delicate situation. A while she wept, then took the way to Miss Carlill's, to communicate to her what had just past, and notify her deter-

determination to execute instantly her plan of migration.

Miss Carlill, who could not bear to think of a step which would convey her friend to a great distance, pleaded against it with greater force of friendship than of argument, and finally advised her to acquaint Sir George with what Mr. Holford had said. This her good sense led her to determine against decisively, for two reasons; the first, that Sir George might think it a plan to precipitate him into a declaration he had not yet made—an idea insupportable to her delicate mind; the second, that Sir George in endeavouring to discover the source of this infamous report, might only propagate it the farther, and perhaps involve himself in danger.

C H A P. XXIV.

IT was in consequence of many edifying discourses which Mr. Lindsay directed to Sir George, that the latter had got so far in the high road of resolution, as to invite the friends formerly mentioned to dinner; which was the preparatory step to his bidding adieu to the Falcon and all its charming vicinities.

This idea did not add to Sir George's felicity. No man could well be more impressed with the laudable ambition of acquiring esteem and consideration; but no man
could

could well be more in love. This latter, so far from being an open and avowed sentiment, was unknown, nay unsuspected, even by Sir George himself. He did not think of love, he thought only of Miss Colerain. So charming in person, so amiable in mind; philosophy itself could scarcely engage his attention more strongly.

Just as the company were sitting down to dinner, a traveller arrived on horseback, attended by one servant. He was a thin, meagre, gentleman, with a countenance which Mr. Lavater would have studied with peculiar pleasure. There was an animation in his eye, which indicated vivacity of imagination; but his dejected air shewed this vivacity was repressed. Sir George invited him to dinner, because at a solitary table he could not this day be so properly attended to. During dinner he spoke
a little

little, eat bread and roots only, and drank water.

The company then consisted of seven gentlemen; Sir George with Mr. Lindsay, the stranger, the reverend Mr. Holford and Mr. Apothecary Ward, and the two gentlemen bowlers, whom, as they make no part of our future business, we need not announce in form.

Of Mr. Holford we know something: he was a sound divine, orthodox in preaching and in eating, could bear a little infidelity, and free-thinking, provided they were accompanied with good wine and good venison. In politics he was less indulgent, and always found himself much heated when obedience to the higher powers was called in question. Add to this, that he was seldom found wanting in complaisance to the fortunate beings of wealth and title, and where these
were

were wanting, seldom took the trouble to acquire any.

Mr. Ward, the apothecary, had not the same order of ideas. Strongly addicted to scepticism in medicine, he carried it a little into religion and politics; so he was known to have controverted often what Mr. Holford considered as first principles. They were considered therefore as antagonists, and seldom met without a dispute, or parted without a quarrel.

I believe it is just as possible for English gentlemen to meet over a bottle without canvassing affairs of government, as for English ladies—or any ladies—to meet over a tea-table without canvassing fashions or reputations. Amongst other refractory matters, soluble only in wine, our company set seriously to work to decide upon the quantum of good or of evil produced in England by parties.

Parties—

Parties—according to Mr. Holford—were the bane of all government, which, to be strong and vigorous, ought to go on in a smooth, free, uninterrupted course; and best of all, when governed by a single will; for Mr. Holford was a sound tory, and would have been a Jacobite, if that sect of idolaters had not vanished from amongst us for want of a deity. Mr. Holford said all that was to be said on that side the question, and was plied with counter arguments by Mr. Ward, who not only thought parties useful in a state, but deviated from his subject to prove that kings—an individual here and there excepted—were a breed pernicious to man, and which mankind ought to extinguish or to muzzle.

Irreverence to kings was blasphemy, in the opinion of Mr. Holford. His eyes sparkled with holy rage, and was scarce to be restrained by good manners

ners from anathematizing the wretch who could maintain such opinions. The argument went into abuse, and very much into diffusion. Mr. Lindsay heard all with the calm tranquillity of a philosopher. Sir George enjoyed the controversy; and if he spoke, it was with the mischievous view of animating the combatants.

Not so the stranger; he cared little indeed for the argument, but much for the peace of this small society. Twice he called to order, without effect; the third time with a voice and look that seemed to say, I will be heard, he said, "Gentlemen—anger may breed contention, but cannot be productive of wisdom. A little reflection will convince you, that you are wasting words, and giving good sense to be scattered by the winds of heaven. What! has experience so little taught mankind the road to truth, that men will still seek it by
ways

ways in which it is not to be found. Things not known, are to be sought for by the medium of things that are known; this is an axiom not less true in politics than in mathematics; but gentlemen — where are your data?"

Sir George and M. Lindsay, struck with the stranger's good sense as well as his manner, applauded what he had just said; Mr. Holford and Mr. Ward were reduced to silence, more by the commanding emphasis with which the gentleman spoke, than by his axiom.

"It is, continued he, a rule in well ordered societies, that every person should say what he chuses without interruption; and this rule preserves decorum, and may gain attention; without it, gentlemen are too apt to attend to no ideas but their own. In such a case, Michael the archangel might speak, and speak in vain.

Every

Every man expects to be heard ; every man then should be ready to hear.

“ It is to be observed, gentlemen,” continued the stranger, “ that a good argument is nothing but a series of antecedents and consequents, of propositions, proofs, and deductions ; the conclusions ought to be taken from the premises strictly, but perspicuously. I hope I have the honour of your assent to these particulars.”

All bowed and were silent except Sir George, whose curiosity being highly raised by this exordium, said, “ Certainly, sir ; and I wish a gentleman who knows so well to give the precept, would also give the example.”

“ If,” said the gentleman, “ you will accept a feeble specimen of what may be done by your superior powers rightly directed, I will endeavour to satisfy you.” They bowed assent.

“ Government,” the stranger proceeded, “ whether of divine or human ordinance,

ordinance, has for its end the good of mankind.

“Man is carried by instinct, or something as strong as instinct, to the gratification of his appetites, and to the indulgence of his passions.

“Kings are men.

“When the love of power becomes a passion – and when does it not become a passion in kings? it seeks its own enlargement.

“Power may be directed to the increase of the general welfare; it may also be directed to its injury.

“If ten kings stretch it to the injury of mankind, for one who uses it for their benefit—and I fear the history of mankind will not lead us to deny the proposition—the reason for restraining it is ten times as great, as the reason for leaving is unlimited.

“Therefore it ought to be restrained.” This argument being di-

rected against Mr. Holford's principal position, I attend his reply."

Mr. Holford declined to answer—for, says he, "Though perhaps I might find matter, I cannot, for want of practice, dispose of it by logical arrangement."

"May I be permitted," the stranger asked, "without offence, to endeavour it, as far as I have this day heard your argument?"

Mr. Holford nodded an ungracious assent.

"Since," continued the speaker, "the powers that be, are ordained of God; government is of divine authority.

"Kings are therefore the delegates of heaven, and how can it be supposed that delegates of heaven can abuse their power?"

"If men are ever unfortunate enough to think they do, it ought to be considered as permitted by heaven,
and

and therefore a chastisement for the sins of a people.

"In such a case, resistance would be impious. We ought to bow down our heads before the Lord, and before his anointed."

This was said with so imposing a tone of gravity and importance, that Mr. Holford cried out exultingly, "Yes, certainly, these are my elements, as I may call them; these are my fundamental propositions, and I think they will not be easily refuted."

"They may be denied, however," Mr. Ward answered.

"Any thing may be denied, sir," said Mr. Holford; "a man may deny the incarnation."

"That he may indeed," replied Mr. Ward. "Let us however return to our subject. I flatly and positively deny that kings are delegates of heaven."

"We must prove it then," said

the stranger, with his accustomed gravity. "God governs the world; then all the active powers in it are his ministers. Kings are active powers. Then kings are his ministers."

"I deny that he governs the world in any such sense," said Ward. "As we go on," said the stranger, "we must give up the argument for want of data on which we can build. Let us try again."

"God made the world, and all things in it." The speaker looked at Mr. Ward for his assent, who not answering, he added, "for the use of man."

"With that addition," replied the apothecary, "I deny the proposition."

"If so," resumed the stranger, "I must turn you over to the clergy; for," continues he, smiling, "when I think upon gnats, locusts, and mosquitoes, I dare not enter upon the proof."

Mr. Holford at this conclusion,
hap-

happening to be in the midst of a pipe, sucked in the grateful perfume with double avidity; probably hoping amidst his other inspirations, a small blast of the spirit. As it was rather too long in coming, Sir George asked the stranger, if he thought the question concerning parties was capable of logical decision?

"One might reason upon it," said the stranger, looking at the apothecary with complacency, "if the gentlemen of the faculty would not deny us our data, thus:

"Laws are necessary for man, and require certain individuals to execute them.

"Generally—man will not take a trouble without expectation of an emolument. There are emoluments of ambition, of vanity, of pride, of revenge, as well as of avarice.

"Generally—for I would not absolutely deny the existence of pure
N 3 patriotism,

patriotism, though I consider it as a rare virtue—contention for office, is a contention of these and other similar passions.

“ Generally—the servants of the crown are desirous to preserve their emoluments; whilst they have upon their right hand and upon their left, those who desire to obtain them for themselves.

“ In every proposition that comes from the part of government, there is odds to lay that the ostensible is not the sole, and seldom the principal motive. That there is some cabal to gratify, some concealed interest to promote, some crooked politics which shun the face of day.

“ The eye of the people is not that of a Lynx. The keen eye of opposition is alone competent to see the barbed hook, which too often lies concealed under the splendid baits of government. So far parties are good.

“ If

“ If all were fair on the part of administration, still, disquisition is necessary for finding the good or the evil of an unknown object; and party is necessary for disquisition. Parties then are generally good.”

It is true, that neither the antecedents or the consequents in these arguments, were indebted to their author for precision; but the mode was new, and as none of the gentlemen seemed disposed to follow it, Sir George, after a compliment paid to the stranger, adroitly changed the subject.

After many diffusive turns and changes, in which the stranger took little share, the conversation fell upon the manners and morals of the age. Many good things were said which have been said before, and others not so good, and none deserving repetition.

After disputing long with little
N 4 hope

hope of concordance, the stranger was requested to give his opinion.

“ We have, said he, corrected many faults, and we have brought many into more general existence. The manly manners of our more immediate ancestors, we have exchanged for the manners of women. We have gained in gentleness and humanity; we have lost in firmness of nerve, and strength of constitution. The vices of our more remote ancestors were great and ferocious; ours are of softer temperament, but more diffused. In point of quantity, their follies bore but a small proportion to our frivolities; in short, we have lost tobacco; but we have made it up to the revenue in pomades, in essences, and in hair-powder.”

This conclusion, seeming to descend into the pathos, drew a general smile from the company.

“ But what shall I say,” continued the

the stranger, his eyes sparkling with superior animation: "what shall I say of our women? heavens! what pen or tongue can enumerate the evils which arise from our connections, our matrimonial connections, with this frail and feeble sex? which of our corruptions may we not trace to their vanities?"

Here the stranger stopped, seemingly wrapped in some strong cogitation. Surprise kept the company silent. Soon, however, he recovered from his reverie, became sensible of his abstraction, and apologized for it; then filling a glass with wine, the first he had drank undiluted, "Come," said he, "A health to the universal good of mankind; and may the time come when the commerce of the sexes shall be pure and unmixed, flowing always from the heart, unshackled, unrestrained."

The company, without knowing to

what this mysterious health pledged them, drank it from pure complaisance; the stranger then assuming a sportive air, said, "If you knew, gentlemen, the obligations I have to the sex, you would the less wonder at the strength of my regard for it."

Sir George answered, "That whatever was agreeable to him to communicate, would certainly be agreeable to the company to hear."

"My father," he began, "was a gentleman of two thousand pounds a year, in Cumberland. He was comparatively a happy man in marriage; for my mother's principal fault being a clamorous tongue, and he being a man of learning and philosophy, he could generally avoid her exhibitions in the sanctuary of his study.

"At my mother's death, which happened when I was thirteen, I was the only surviving child, and the idol of my father, who, not being able to
bear

bear my absence from him, sought a preceptor to assist him in my education at home. I got virtue therefore and science, but not one of those brilliant talents which dazzle the eyes of an admiring world.

At twenty-three I lost my father, and one year after married the daughter of a neighbouring baronet; he had a very good estate, and lived in great elegance and poverty; for he had a fine lady to his wife, two sons, fine young gentlemen, and six fashionable daughters. He promised me a few thousands by way of portion, but was never able to raise the money.

“ I was happy—several days, for Mrs. Mowbray was pretty, had a charming vivacity, she had also an unbounded passion for admiration, and lived but in a croud. As I had hitherto seen but little of the great world, I yielded to her solicitations to spend our first winter in London.

The eclat with which we entered our career of fashion, and the spirit with which we kept it up for the first six months, only cost me eleven thousand pounds. I brought into the country a reluctant wife, an auctioneer to sell a fourth part of my estate, and an head that ached at its own folly.

“ Now began our daily altercations, those peculiar felicities, which I have since found cause to believe, form the most considerable portion of blifs in a large majority of families. I wanted to oeconomise, Mrs. Mowbray sickened at the idea; she could not read—scarce even a novel. She hated work, was no proficient in music, and family cares were below her attention. Her mornings were usually spent in yawning, stretching, lounging, and all the listless symptoms of ennui; her evenings in reproaches and tears. She was miserable, and so was I.

To

To comply with Mrs. Mowbray's inclinations was certain ruin; not to comply was certain wretchedness. For I was still loving and uxorious, and she had cunning enough to make her advantage of it. The duke of Anjou, the first Bourbon king of Spain, had a wife who did the same; and there was a general similitude between the queen's pushing away the king's half of the synonime bed, till she brought him to her will, and Mrs. Mowbray's arts to bring me to her's. At length I ceased to contend, and my house became the general rendezvous of half the idlers in the county.

“Why need I be particular in my description of things, now grown so familiar to the public eye, that they have ceased to create surprise. I was soon called upon by my creditors, for the sale of another estate; nor was this second memento mori, as I may call

call it, able to overcome my conjugal weakness.

“ Amongst the number of friends Mrs. Mowbray’s elegant mode of living procured me, was the son of Lord ~~Lambton~~, a soft and silky gentleman, the monkey of the ladies, and never in his element when not employed in their service. Mrs. Mowbray had great freedom of manners with gentlemen, which is, I suppose, the ton, and my heart had sometimes felt a pang on that account; but to be jealous of such a man! I should have thought it as reasonable to suspect Mrs. Mowbray’s woman.

My wife’s dressing-room I seldom entered. One morning, having occasion to consult her upon some folly of the day, I stepped in. Upon my soul, gentlemen, I know not in what words to describe the ridiculous object which met my eyes. Mrs. Mowbray was seated on a chair, and my
young

young lordling was seated on her lap — face to face. — Her hands were clasped upon his back, no doubt to support him, whilst he was applying the rouge to her cheeks. At my entrance, Mrs Mowbray gave a little scream, loosed her hold, and my gentleman fell backwards upon the carpet.

“ At this instant it never entered my head, that this familiarity might, upon our improved system of manners, be quite consistent with innocence. I was too mad to reflect, or even to listen to the protestations of the honourable gentleman, who protested, intreated, vowed upon his honour and his faith, that he never entertained a thought of injuring me in so delicate a point; and for farther justification, assured me he had the honour to be face-painter to two countesses. All would not do. I still insisted upon immediate satisfaction.

Cox-

Coxcomb as he was, he did not want courage; for when I had sufficiently provoked him, he ran to his apartment for his sword, and followed me into the park. Servants raised by Mrs. Mowbray's clamour were coming to us, so that we had no time for quart and tierce, and did nothing more than just pass our swords through each other's body. We both fell, were carried into our apartments, had each our own surgeon, who pronounced our wounds to be mortal. Their skill happened to be superior to their prognostics, for after a fortnight we were both out of danger.

“ All the time I lay ill, and whilst my physician condemned me to darkness and to silence, my house was the house of mourning, and filled with condolents. Mrs. Mowbray had much to do; for it is a great undertaking to grieve in ton, so that I seldom saw her, and but for an instant. It is true,
my

my reception of her was not the most inviting. Politeness obliged her to be more attentive to her wounded guest; and what lady would be deficient in politeness!

“ In the mean time, the world around did us the honour to reason upon the cause of this phenomenon. In one place it was politics, gaming in another, and gallantry in a third; but to the gentlemen, who knew I never meddled with gaming or politics, it was puzzling; and quite an enigma to the ladies, how Mr. Lambington, so our beau was called, could either be an object of jealousy to me, or of gallantry to Mrs. Mowbray.

“ When I was able to walk about the room, Lord Lambington honoured me with a visit. His son had been at home for some days. After some apologies, he entered upon the subject of our contest. I told him the provocation; Lord Lambington smiled,

smiled, and asked me if I should have played the jealous, had I seen his son adjust Mrs. Mowbray's shoe buckle? I answered, no. I might, he said, with equal justice.

"But the posture, my Lord!" said I.

"Was commodious, no doubt," answered Lord Lambington. "Was you ever in France, Mr. Mowbray?"

I replied, "No."

"Had you," said he, "studied the women at Paris, instead of the stars at home, it would have been impossible this ridiculous rencontre could have happened. Gentlemen who have no pretensions to the last favour, are there in possession of several important and delicate personal offices at a lady's toilette; such as would excite phrenzy in the head of an English husband who has not travelled. And you know, Mr. Mowbray,

bray, no importation from France is now contraband here.

"The French," continued Lord Lambington, "do really go beyond us in the great art of happiness; for amongst a people arrived at a certain degree of refinement, no man—that is, no man of quality—marries with expectation of deriving felicity from love and domestic harmony. Or, if he does marry with that egregious error in his head, he may be pretty certain of an early correction. There are laws of convenience, notwithstanding, which may render marriage desirable. Well then! the Frenchman marries the convenience; he expects nothing more, and avoids the misery of disappointment. The hearts of both sexes are still free; and all that is required is a certain attention to decorum."

"My heart and head were both too English, too barbarian, to relish Lord Lambington's

Lambington's accommodating ideas; they did serve, however, rather to calm my emotions of revenge.— Against Mrs. Mowbray I took no resolution; but against her mode of life, a decided one. I dismissed my superfluous servants, sold my carriages and horses, except a chaise and pair, and boldly shut my doors against the greatest part of Mrs. Mowbray's acquaintances.

“ Why, gentlemen, should I trouble you with an excruciating detail of particulars? Mrs. Mowbray went to London, and contracted debts; I refused to pay, was sued and cast with costs; I became half frantic with vexation and disappointment; my friends, or relations rather, called it insanity, and consigned me to the care of a gentleman, who spared not medicine or coercion. This I endured two years. Friends interposed, and my disorder, if it was insanity, being harm-

harmless, I was released. Articles of separation were drawn up betwixt Mrs. Mowbray and I; we divided betwixt us my remaining fortune; I retired, a solitary afflicted being, to my own house, always thanking heaven for one kindness, that it had given me no children.

“ Ever since the hour that has given me up to liberty and retirement, my whole study has been to benefit mankind in the important article of marriage. My intention is to offer a bill to the consideration of both houses of parliament; the principal design of which will be to facilitate divorces. I have gone deep into the study, and have almost compleated my plan; but I must first travel into those countries where divorces have been long established; I must note their effects upon police; I must know all the actual modes; I must combine them; and from the whole

whole draw the best possible. I am now going to Armenia, where marriages are contracted before the civil magistrate, for time. I go to the eastern extremity of China. I will pierce into Thibet; I will visit Hindostan; I will return through Persia; crossing Syria, into Egypt; I will penetrate Ethiopia, and coast the South of Africa; I will return on its western side, and finish my researches in ———."

This journey was performed with too much energy. Mr. Mowbray's voice rose to the highest pitch; it was heard by the person who attended him. This man ran into the parlour, at sight of whom Mr. Mowbray stooped short, seemed to have conceived a terror, leaned back upon his chair, and burst into tears. Seeing this, the man made a respectful bow and retired.

The case was now plain, and the predominant feeling of the company was compassion. Sir George followed the

the servant out, who confirmed all the particulars of Mrs. Mowbray, but painted her in more detestable colours. He had lived twenty years with his master; and "Sure," says he, "a kinder, better man never lived. Before his misfortunes he was equally respected and beloved. I attended him to the house where he was confined; and because I loved him, bore to be the minister of his greatest torments, lest some unfeeling hand should afflict him still more harshly; so when he wanders, poor gentleman, the very sight of me recalls to his mind both his disorder and his punishment. He is much emaciated," continues the man, "and having taken the idea of travelling, his friends have committed him to my care, with orders never to contradict this idea, but lead him by slow, easy journies on horseback, thro' the South of France."

Soon

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Soon

Soon after, the company at the Falcon departed. Sir George recommended to Mr. Lindsay a walk to the church-yard, by way of amusement to Mr. Mowbray; he himself took the road to the common.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

